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The Week

WAR is clearly proceeding in Manchuria. But it is a curious kind of war. As far as activities at the front are concerned, there is apparently nothing to distinguish it from the ordinary hostile procedure of artillery fire, infantry attack, air raids and the rest. Soviet forces are reported to be advancing into China in large numbers. But no war has, at this writing, been declared, and we hear vagrant reports of conferences and negotiations between representatives of the two governments, which, between the clashes of arms, often seem to indicate an approaching settlement. Neither country wants to enter irrevocably upon a regulation Big League war, fought to a finish. Neither is well equipped to carry on such a war in the present theater of operations, and both would suffer internal disaster if they attempted to play the game that way. Apparently the military forces are being used to back up the demands of the negotiators. Whenever China is refractory, Russia stages another battle. Whenever Russia will not give in, China strikes back. There is no reason why such sparring should not go on indefinitely until the results are indistinguishable from a conventional war. It is a dangerous game to play—dangerous for the participants and for the rest of the world. Both, in playing it, are dishonoring their obligations under the Kellogg treaty. Both should be called upon to accept mediation, and, if necessary, arbitration, meanwhile calling off their generals.

ALTHOUGH the representatives of twenty-six nations spoke formal words of encouragement for M. Briand's proposal of a United States of Europe, it is plain that substantial results will not be achieved for a long time. Perhaps the most favorable speech was that by Foreign Minister Stresemann of Germany, but he made important reservations. He wants the union to be purely economic, and not to include a political federation, as Briand suggested. And he, like Briand, would not consent to its being directed against the United States or any other power. That means, if it means anything, that it must tend toward lower tariffs on the exterior boundaries of Europe as well as among the participating countries. He also favors a unified postal system and currency. Although Arthur Henderson was cordial, his statement was carefully safeguarded, and other British representatives, as was to be expected, handled the subject gingerly. It is plain that many of the smaller nations, such as Czechoslovakia, are extremely hesitant about lowering customs duties. The subject has now reached the stage of memoranda, which will be discussed next year. There are numerous powerful forces at work to turn the current of the whole discussion toward a movement merely for more free trade in the economic sphere, and there is a strong sentiment to seek any further political unification through the League of Nations rather than in smaller groups.

NOTABLE progress toward strengthening peace machinery and supplementing the anti-war pact has been made at the Geneva Assembly, which is now in session. In a magnificent speech on September 3, Prime Minister MacDonald declared that Great Britain was prepared to accept the optional clause of the World Court statute, which means that Great Britain will adhere to the principle of compulsory arbitration for all legal disputes. A few days later Italy and Czechoslovakia also declared their ac-

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ceptance of this clause. The only member of the League which has not accepted the compulsory jurisdiction of the World Court is Japan. In a speech of September 5, Aristide Briand declared that France would accept not only the Optional Clause without reservations but also the more far-reaching General Act drawn up at the last Assembly. The document provides for a complete and detailed procedure for conciliation, judicial settlement and arbitration. Another interesting proposal has been presented by Arthur Henderson, Foreign Minister of Great Britain. Its object is to close the so-called "gap in the Covenant," thus linking up that document definitely with the anti-war pact. Under the Covenant, as it now stands, it is still legal for a League member to go to war in case the Council fails to make a unanimous recommendation in regard to a dispute or decides that a dispute involves a domestic question. Mr. Henderson's proposal would abolish these exceptions and make all kinds of war illegal. Apparently it is also intended to strengthen the conciliatory powers of the Council so that a positive decision or recommendation in regard to every kind of international dispute may be made.

AS FAR AS the United States and the World Court are concerned, forty states belonging to the World Court unanimously approved the Root formula designed to reconcile the League Covenant with the Senate reservation giving the United States a veto over advisory opinions. Several weeks before the Assembly opened (on August 14), the American Minister at Berne transmitted a note to the League Secretariat stating that the Root formula was acceptable to the government of the United States, and that after the draft protocol had been "accepted" by the other states, the President would submit the protocol to the approval of the American Senate. On September 5, Secretary Stimson made a statement in which he said that if "ratified" by the other powers the President would place the Root formula before the Senate. Now in a number of cases a government must secure the approval of its parliament before ratifying any international engagement. The process of ratification will therefore take some time—perhaps even a year. Mr. Stimson's statement means that the present administration does not wish to become involved in the world court fight until after the present naval negotiations have reached a successful conclusion. From the practical standpoint, the ratification of a naval agreement is of more immediate importance than American adhesion to the World Court. Nevertheless we hope that this period of walking a tightrope will soon come to an end, and that the United States will begin to carry its share of the burden of promoting international peace and good will.

ON THE heels of the news that the Gastonia case has resulted in a mistrial comes word that an "anti-red" mob, originating in Gastonia, wrecked the offices of the International Labor Defense there, and then proceeded to Charlotte, where they hunted for members of the defense counsel and their helpers, with the apparent purpose of lynching them. Luckily, the mob did not find them, and gradually dispersed, after two of their number had been arrested. The demonstration is thought to have been caused by a rumor that the jury, at the time when the mistrial was declared, was solid for acquittal. North Carolina and North Carolina's Governor are to be congratulated for having given the direction of this case to such a man as Judge Barnhill, whose conduct of it has been unexceptionable. Everyone who wants these strikers to have a fair trial will be glad to hear that Judge Barnhill will again preside when the trial reopens on September 30. But North Carolina has no cause for pride in such exhibitions of mob mentality as has just been witnessed in Gastonia and Charlotte—an exhibition which reflects only too plainly the diseased state of local opinion, and which, if not directly fostered by the local mill-interests, was certainly not frowned on by them. North Carolina has no cause for pride in the chauvinistic attitude of its press toward this case—notably, the Gastonia Gazette. If the rabble of Charlotte and Gastonia, and their fomenters, would only follow Judge Barnhill's lead, and keep their tempers and their heads, the Judge might not seem such an outstanding man. At present he towers head and shoulders above his fellow citizens.

IT WAS not only good strategy, but good sense, for the Democratic and progressive opponents of the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill to demand that the income-tax returns of the companies affected by the bill be made public. Manufacturers come before Congress with pleas of suffering from foreign competition, and demand protection, for which the American purchasers of their products must pay. Such a petitioner cannot have any standing unless he is willing to reveal the state of his finances. There is certainly no valid obligation to keep his affairs secret. The public has a right to know whether he is telling the truth. Some industries which want protection may already be enjoying good profits. Some companies which assert that they are suffering from foreign competition may really be suffering from bad management, which would appear if their income statements were compared with those of their domestic competitors. The evidence is valuable and should be obtained; if it is denied there is no reason to favor a single increase. But even if it is obtained, and should show in any given instance that an industry was doing poorly, it would not furnish conclusive proof of the value of a higher duty. Perhaps the industry, like coal mining, is suffering from internal disorganization. Perhaps a tariff would not help it.

ANY convention of scientific men is likely to be a hodge-podge in which some hurry about listening to miscellaneous papers while others lounge and gossip

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in corridors and ante-rooms. The international psychological congress which met at Yale is something whose importance one finds it difficult to appreciate from the newspaper accounts. One savant reports that goldfish cannot be fooled by rapid changes of lights in food boxes, while another has discovered that readers of magazines in which the advertising is separated from the reading matter remember as much about the advertised products as those who peruse magazines in which the advertising is next to the reading matter. In spite of all, however, we cannot help being impressed by the opening remarks of Professor Cattell. If world peace or other major aims are to be sought, human behavior must be influenced, and the nature of behavior, and of what lies behind it, is the special province of psychological study. As this science advances, so must progress the hope of the world. But the hope is slim unless the psychologists can make functional contacts with the economists, the sociologists, and the other scientists of human behavior. The hope is slim unless all these specialists can relate their knowledge to the building of broader values. We can never be sure, in scientific matters, that what appear to be trivial contributions may not turn out to be important. But, after all, we must know how to do something more than fool goldfish or increase the effect of cigarette advertising. And it is fortunate that some of the scholars at the Yale Congress are thinking of this side of their problem.

THE Confédération Internationale des Etudiants held its eleventh congress in Budapest, from August 10 to August 24. This world league of students is an increasingly impressive organization. The delegates participated in a carefully worked-out and diverse program, consisting in everything from the air-meet of the International Students Aviation Display and the Folk-Art exhibition of the Baross Gábor Society (an association of students from economical and commercial schools) to the bitter arguments of the various Commissions, and receptions by the Hungarian Prime Minister. Student Unions in every country have been informed for months past of plans, railroad rates, and rules for registration, by the central office in Brussels. The Bulletin Mensuel d'Informations has also served the purpose of preparing delegates for the congress. In America, we have heard almost nothing of this international student gathering. The newspapers do not regard students, *en masse,* as good copy. This journalistic diffidence is no doubt due to the general and deplorable inertia of American undergraduates, who are not internationalists by any stretch of the imagination—fond of a giddy summer abroad, seriously engrossed only with local issues—campus politics, dramatics, honorary societies, and football. A very small number of people know the three admirable guiding principles of the C. I. E. It is worth while to quote from their constitution: "The aims of the C. I. E. are threefold: to create ties of esteem and friendship among the students of the world; to unite in one organization the student associations of every country and coördinate their activities; to study all the problems of student life, both material and intellectual; in short, to help students everywhere and in every possible way."

IN Europe the C. I. E. means something. Tangible results of their stated aims are: student hostelries, student employment agencies, scholarship exchanges, reduced rates in travel. Less tangible, but no less actual, results are political self-consciousness, and a keen interest in each other. The C. I. E. is no blessed conclave of sweetened souls. Their prejudices and disagreements are just as intense as those of the League; last summer the C. I. E. congress in Paris bore a real resemblance to Geneva. But the C. I. E. has done practical things for its members; and it has mobilized the large student class abroad for united, intelligent action. The American branch of the C. I. E.—the National Student Federation—is handicapped by lack of funds or intellectual support, and does not take the part it should in international student affairs. It is an organization dying of malnutrition, through no fault of its founders or its present board. But because American students are incorrigible provincials; and because money, when it flows college-ward in this country, builds qymnasiums or chapels, and is not given to help support an organization which might crystallize American student opinion into an active, thoughtful force.

GEORGE WASHINGTON did surveying, for a time, in an orderly, limited way. But we have progressed. Often efficiency destroys romance—but there is nothing dreary or machine-age about the Alaska Aerial Survey. Aeroplanes, equipped with cameras, have discovered a hitherto unknown power site of more than 20,000 horse-power in the Tongass National Forest. Before this aerial expedition began operations, very little of southeastern Alaska had been surveyed. The chief beauty of the Tongass National Forest lies in the fact that it can supply 25 percent of the pulp-paper needs of the United States, in perpetuity. Under Forest Service Administration, the timber will be cut no faster than it grows; so that the industry will have an unfailing source of supply. By collective action we can discover new resources, and use them instead of destroying them.

Keeping the Profit in War

THE STORY of William B. Shearer, propagandist for battleship building companies and naval officers, as freely revealed by him to the press, does not astonish us. It is right that it should be investigated carefully by the President and the Senate. It is right that editorial writers and the reading public should become indignant about it. Yet the story runs so amazingly true to formula

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that it is a little difficult to maintain the proper tone of anger and indignation. The incident is almost trite.

A former civilian employee of the Navy Department, Mr. Shearer first won favorable attention when Congress voted a pay increase for naval officers, for which he takes the credit. As a result, he says, in 1924 he was requested by a group of naval officers, including four rear-admirals, to campaign for more ships and naval bases. This agitation did not get further than elicit a request from Senator King to write a report on the condition of the Navy. This report, together with confidential War College letters, he used to try to prevent what he thought was the premature scrapping of a battleship under the agreement with Great Britain. His next exploit was to attack John D. Rockefeller, Jr. as a pacifist after a talk with his attorney, Raymond B. Fosdick. In 1925 he agitated for cruisers and naval bases again, and in 1926 he set out as an "expert" for Geneva, armed with naval intelligence information, which he dispensed effectively at the 1927 conference to the newspaper correspondents, in attacking the British position. He did not reveal its source. Then he returned to lobby for cruisers, and did so until after the presidential campaign. In these latter exploits he was secretly an employee of the three ship-building firms. For his work he received $50,000, but asserts that his agreement, broken without reason by his employers, entitles him to $250,000 more.

With Mr. Shearer's apparently righteous indignation and his lack of shame we confess to a good deal of sympathy. Everybody knows that admirals want all the ships and naval bases they can get, and they quite honestly believe their sole motive is patriotism, no doubt. And we cannot expect the Navy to laugh with glee at disarmament and ship-scrapping. If they can hamper it by letting out a little strategic information, they probably think the end justifies the means. As for calling bad names like "pacifist" whenever anyone opposes their designs, both branches of the service have been doing it industriously for years; large "patriotic" organizations in close touch with the military have, unrebuked by our national administrations, elaborated a fine technique for defaming any citizens who happen to believe in spending less money to prepare for war. There is nothing unprecedented about that. We should not be surprised to learn that organizations like the Navy League and the National Security League have been deriving funds from armament concerns. We hope the Senate will inquire into that, too.

Mr. Shearer may well be astonished, also, that the major part of his admission has caused such a stir. Did anyone suppose for a moment that battleship-building concerns do not agitate for naval appropriations? If so, these business institutions must be thought marvels of abstinence in a self-seeking world. Whenever there is a possible congressional appropriation to be had, hungry mouths invariably yawn for the morsel. "Public relations counsel" by the dozen have risen to high professional standing by "creating sentiment," directly or indirectly, in behalf of anything that would make a profit for those who can afford to hire them. People are paid a great deal of money for getting Congress to increase the tariff, and for writing material in favor of protection to be used by political parties and newspapers. Think of the varied and expensive publicity work of the electric power and other utilities! If to serve these purposes is honestly to earn money in our society, and if business men are not hauled over the coals when they pay for such work, why should we suddenly turn upon Mr. Shearer, the Bethlehem Ship-building Corporation, *et al.*? Haven't the armament makers just as sacred a right to pursue their profit, free of governmental interference, as we are told so insistently other business has in the United States?

There is, of course, a distinction in degree among such activities which may be thought to amount to a difference in kind. It might not be galling to any but a sensitive conscience to utilize the avenues of publicity in behalf of an increase in customs duties which would benefit some producers, even though there may be a doubt as to whether the policy may not injure other producers and consumers in general. To agitate for higher rates for the services of utilities, although the users could readily obtain them cheaper by paying smaller profits to the promoters, can scarcely be justified if the argument is not thoroughly candid and based upon general advantage. Still, the outcome is not necessarily disastrous. But to confuse the counsel of international conferences seeking adjustment of important differences which might lead to war, to seek profit at the risk of making armed conflict likely, is to place the value of private interest above the life of civilization itself. This nation has not learned the lesson of the ultimate worth and self-justification of profit-seeking so thoroughly that it is indifferent to the harm such action may do.

One of the solemn undertakings by the signatories of the Versailles treaty was to put an end, as far as possible, to the private manufacture of munitions and instruments of war, and thus to discourage armament lobbies. In pursuance of this aim, which was thoroughly approved by President Wilson, bills have repeatedly been introduced into Congress to require that war vessels and munitions shall be manufactured by government navy yards and arsenals, as far as these plants are equipped to do the work. Further than this, carefully designed proposals, backed by organized labor, have been presented to Congress, which would enable these governmental producing units to bid on the countless peace-time requirements of the civilian departments of the government which they might make. This would serve a triple purpose. It would help to keep them on a producing basis so that they could undertake munition manufacture whenever it might be required. It would save the

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government large amounts of money due to the competition with private contractors which would thus be set up. And it would prevent even the arsenal and navy-yard employees from having too strong a motive for advocating war construction.

These proposed measures have, however, been uniformly defeated. They have been defeated by the combined pressure of the military and the private concerns which wanted to profit at governmental expense. Lobbyists of the National Manufacturers' Association have appeared against them, asserting that they constituted that dread thing "Socialism," that, in the words later used by Mr. Hoover in the last campaign, they "put the government into business in competition with its citizens." The facile theory of the manufacturers' lobbyists was that our government is and should be nothing but a policeman, never a producer (in spite of the fact that the national and local governments produce to the tune of hundreds of millions of dollars such things as roads, schools, buildings, postal service, etc.)

And the forces in charge of our government have not only deliberately kept the profit in war by limiting the current work of navy yards and arsenals, but they have definitely engaged in a policy of giving what they call "educational orders" for small lots of war materials to private firms throughout the country, on the theory that thus the factories could quickly get into war production if the need should arise. The education which these orders would give in turning over to a basis of large-scale output of munitions is negligible indeed. But they are an earnest of what may come, since the government has negotiated large contracts for war materials with numerous private companies which automatically become operative on the declaration of a national emergency. Thus there has been created, as a matter of definite policy, an enormous private interest which stands to profit from war, an interest which might conceivably become acute in a case of a severe industrial depression.

It will not do to make a goat of Mr. Shearer, a few admirals and a few ship-building concerns, and then, when they have been properly rebuked, to pretend it will never happen again. In spite of the absolutists of private enterprise, the people of this nation do not really believe that the profit motive is a sufficient justification of any consequence that may happen to flow from it. We have curbed private interest, for the good of the public, in dozens of ways. If there ever is a war, we should not be able to prevent people from making profit out of it. But at least we can do a good deal to prevent them from making a profit out of prospective war. And there are few more important curbs to be applied.

Likewise it is a duty of the press to be more circumspect about free advice and information offered to it by "experts" who may, unannounced, be serving special interests. It is a sad commentary on the alertness of our leading newspapers that they waited for Mr. Shearer to bring his suit before discovering what he did to their correspondents at Geneva in 1927, and that even then most of them did not pay any attention to it until Senator Borah and President Hoover made it a public issue.

The Perfect Employee

ANXIOUS to prove that some of the stable, old-fashioned virtues still survive, the New Bedford Board of Commerce has been holding an oldest-employee contest. The winner at this writing seems to be Miss Julia Hanlon, who has worked for sixty-four years in the Wamsutta Mills. There will hardly be an employer, certainly not a textile-mill operator, on either side of the Mason and Dixon line who will not envy the proprietors of the Wamsutta Mills such a treasure as Miss Hanlon turned out to be. This is not said in any spirit of levity or disparagement. Miss Hanlon appears, from the evidence of her published interviews, to be an intelligent and estimable woman. A strong sense of loyalty and a love of routine must have been added to these qualities to make her, from the employer's point of view, the ideal employee.

Miss Hanlon's life contradicts almost every prepossession that the humanitarian has about mill labor. She went to work as a sweeper, at the appalling age of seven years. In justice to those who hired her it should be said that she lied to them, leading them to believe that she had reached the age of nine, when any industrious little girl could properly be given a job in the mill. Parents of nine-year-old children will realize what an excellent way this was to keep the youngsters out from underfoot. From sweeper Miss Hanlon worked her way up to a position in which she handled first three spinning frames, then six, then nine. Then she became a spooler. For fifty-two years, so she told a reporter, she worked as a weaver in the same room. "Believe me," she added, "I know what the inside of it looks like."

She continued, as reported in the New Bedford Evening Standard: "My sixty-four years at the Wamsutta mill have been spent pleasantly. I think I always got along well with my superiors and co-employees and really I enjoyed working. The wages now are not what they used to be, though. I made as much as $32.50 weaving during the War, but now I'm only getting $16.15 a week as presser in the sheeting factory where I was transferred from the weave room three years ago. Every one wonders how I have been able to work so long in the mill, how I have withstood the strain of mill work so long. They all think the mill is an unhealthy place to work in, but I believe the Wamsutta mill, at least, is not an unhealthy place of employment. I've been working in that mill sixty-four years and during all that time have never been sick seriously enough to see a physician. The only

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ill effect of my work is that the constant roar of machinery in my ears has made me slightly deaf."

At seventy-one, according to the supposedly veracious Evening Standard reporter, Miss Hanlon is erect and active, and without a gray hair in her head. Many a woman thirty years younger would envy her that last blessing. She does not use glasses. She never goes to the motion pictures or other places of amusement, but she embroiders profusely, and well enough to win a prize, a few years ago, at the Westport fair. She owns her home, a two-story house on Pleasant street. "I enjoyed every day of my work in the mill," she affirmed to the inquiring reporter, "and I'm going to stick to my job till I drop, unless they pension me. In that case I'll go on a trip to Europe."

One would like to peer behind the veil of such a life. What did Miss Hanlon think about during that half-century in No. 4 weave room? What were her dreams as she occupied herself with a job which required constant attention, yet which certainly did not use a quarter of her intelligence? Did the whirring machinery make some kind of pattern, produce some satisfactory symmetry? Did she hate it at first, then in the long years come to love it? Even the prisoner of Chillon, if Byron interpreted him correctly, forsook his prison with a sigh. Or was the Wamsutta mill ever a prison to Miss Hanlon? Because she had passed her childhood, almost her babyhood there; because she had grown there into a young woman, with a young woman's trembling visions of the future—for young women were like that in those days; because middle age and old age had found her there did it finally come to seem to her like home? Was she ever tempted by other opportunities? Did another mill offer her a dollar more a week, did an aunt in Nebraska want her to come and live with her, did Fall River or California beckon to her alluringly, did romance come and go? We have no right to ask these questions of Miss Hanlon. She has made her bargain with life. Whether or not it is a good bargain is her own affair. It was certainly a good bargain for her employers. They bought character and reliability at a rate which should have gratified their stockholders.

We may legitimately speculate, however, as to whether such fidelity and endurance as here shown are common, and furthermore as to whether it would be a good thing for our civilization if they were more common. The mill owner will not see the question two ways. He needs a few among his employees with sufficient energy and ambitions to become foremen and perhaps superintendents. But he needs many more who will be content to do their work well and who will be unrebellious when old age and "deflation" pulls their wages down from $32.50 to $16.15 a week. At least this is what he thinks he needs. The belief was an unquestioned axiom among mill owners sixty-four years ago, when seven-year-old Julia Hanlon walked inside the gates where the greater part of her lifetime's waking hours were to be spent. Judging by the tactics of the textile-mill proprietors north and south in the year 1929 it is still unquestioned among them. In a simpler society it might have certain human values, just as feudalism, the system it most closely resembles, did. The mill itself is a society, within which the need of an individual for social contacts may be in part satisfied. For the poor whites of the South mill life may be a better life than an isolated existence on a patch of ground in the mountains. It is possible, also, to conceive of a philosopher—a factory Thoreau—who would be content to give his working hours to some automatic occupation in order that he might devote the remainder of the day to reading and contemplation.

But the modern world is more and more breaking away from the conception of a life within the job as satisfactory for the average run of humanity, and as for philosophers, they will never be numerous enough to be worth a generalization. The modernistic formula tends to be more pay for greater productivity achieved in a shorter space of time with less effort. This means that we shall be less likely to ask in the future what the average man does for a living and more likely to ask what he does when he is not earning his living. When this has come to pass it will not be Miss Hanlon's sixty-four years in the Wamsutta Mills, nor her fifty-two years in No. 4 weave room, that will seem important, even to a Board of Commerce. It will be her embroidery. This statement is made with the utmost seriousness. If work remains, for the most part, machine tending or its like, the successful person will be, not the one who can put his mind on his work, but the one who can take his mind off his work. In other words, the cart will again assume its proper place in relation to the horse.

We do not know what inner rebellions stirred Miss Hanlon's soul, nor what compensations she found for gazing half a century at the walls of a single unbeautiful room. She may have been wiser than those of us who spend our working hours in longing for freedom, and our free hours in search of an ultimate belief, a final relaxation, a crowning excitement, we never find. She avoided the movies, she embroidered; this was, in a sense, a figured scheme of living. But we do feel, unavoidably, that she had the capacity for more and that civilization ought to have given her more. We feel that the tragedy of the little girl of seven who never had the chance to learn to want more than the four walls of a weaving room and the four walls of a house could give her ought to lie heavily on her employers' consciences. We feel that the old lady of seventy-one who enjoyed every day of her work in the mill is an indictment of somebody, of something. For she manifestly had capacities to enjoy so much more than a mill. We admire and respect her but we cannot easily forgive those gates which shut upon the frightened child of seven and now, with a triumphant grin, give us back the contented woman of seventy-one.

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Consciousness of Guilt

MANY throughout the country, who have now had time to read and digest the accounts of occurrences in Boston on August 23, will note that the authorities of Boston and of Massachusetts have determined to throw overboard the principle, and forbid the practice of free speech, rather than permit the names of Sacco and Vanzetti to be mentioned in public except with insult and contumely. A group of citizens desirous of meeting on the anniversary of the execution of two men whom they believe the victims of injustice, to keep alive a memory which is dear to them and salutary for the community, are denied the use of Faneuil Hall, the Old South Meeting House, and every other possible place in Boston, and dispersed on Boston Common for pronouncing the two hated names. The account given of the latter occurrence by The Boston Herald throws into high relief the silly and ugly behavior of the Superintendent of Police, one Crowley. The meeting was held in accordance with a permit, granted to the Socialist party, but Crowley informed Mr. Alfred Baker Lewis, the state secretary, that he would not be allowed to mention Sacco and Vanzetti. When he attempted to exercise his legal right in this respect the Superintendent, backed by 100 patrolmen, "yanked him off the table" and put him under arrest.

Does anyone in Boston protest against Crowley's action? On the contrary, The Boston Herald treats the matter with pleasant persiflage, and Crowley is generally commended as a grand representative of Law and Order. To hear a protesting voice we have to go as far away from Boston as Springfield, where The Springfield Republican says what all sensible persons think today when they hear the name of Boston.

> Behind Crowley are higher officials and prominent citizens who undoubtedly support this course though they have not inspired it. They may well heed the danger of the precedents they are instrumental in establishing. They are sacrificing to a mere bogey constitutional rights for the triumph of which Boston's Revolutionary citizenry shed its blood and for the maintenance of which the generation of William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker and Charles Sumner was willing to give its life.

A foreigner might well wonder what possible explanation there can be for such repudiation of an historic tradition, such denial of the logic of democracy, such shrinking terror of two names. It would be difficult to convince him that the reasons did not lie somewhere in the psychology of consciousness of guilt. This is, in fact, the shadowy region in which the whole Sacco-Vanzetti case began and ended. Sacco and Vanzetti were active friends of Salsedo, who came mysteriously to his death while held *incommunicado* and without warrant by the Department of Justice. Of course, no one expected the Department to offer any explanation or apology for the death of a man whose life, under the circumstances, was a sacred trust. It is perhaps to its credit that it was a trifle ill-at-ease about the matter, and preferred to silence the inquiries of Salsedo's friends by deporting them. We have the affidavits of members of the Department itself to the effect that they did not believe Sacco and Vanzetti guilty of the Braintree murder, but merely considered the charge as a convenient method of getting them out of the way. From the time of the arrest of the two men, consciousness of guilt pervaded the atmosphere in which the affair was conducted. It was consciousness of the guilt of holding revolutionary opinions which first put Sacco and Vanzetti at their fatal disadvantage in meeting an unexpected charge; it was consciousness of guilt which induced the frequent changes of testimony on the part of witnesses during and after the Dedham trial. Consciousness of guilt is at least a plausible explanation of the state of Judge Thayer's mind which led him to talk about the case *ad nauseam,* cursing the accused and boasting of his treatment of them, and it is almost the only explanation of his action in buttressing his defense of his decision by including an account of the proceedings in his court which never took place. Consciousness of guilt explains various private communications made to Governor Fuller, of which he chose to accept that of Vahey, who had to account for failing to defend Vanzetti in the Bridgewater case, and to reject Mede's confession. Consciousness of guilt can be read in the formula of Boston clubs and parlors: "Kill them anyway." It was present in the effort to prevent the appeal to public opinion, by suppressing demonstrations of sympathy before the execution, by attacking the procession which sought to bear the bodies to the cemetery. Consciousness of guilt which finds such various manifestations is obviously a social force, and its instrument, vaguely called "the government," which, from the men who know what happened to Salsedo to Superintendent Crowley, has played throughout this case a vicious and sinister part. It is one of the ironies of the case that Sacco and Vanzetti are being slowly vindicated by the consciousness of guilt on the part of the community which condemned them.

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"America"—By Formula

WE have heard a good deal of late years of class-consciousness. The phrase "nation-conscious" does not happen to be current, but present-day nationalism is an exacerbated expression of it in fact. A still more recent manifestation might be called "culture-consciousness" or "civilization-consciousness." Like class-consciousness and nationalism, it assumes an invidious form; it is an exponent—and a coefficient—of conflict between groups. The war and its consequences have not produced in our own country a consciousness of "Americanism" as a distinctive mode of civilization but they have definitely had that effect upon the intellectual elite of Europe.

Americanism as a form of culture did not exist, before the war, for Europeans. Now it does exist and as a menace. In reaction and as a protest, there is developing, at least among literary folk, the consciousness of a culture which is distinctively European, something which is precious and whose very existence is threatened by an invasion of a new form of barbarism issuing from the United States. Acute hostility to a powerful alien influence is taking the place of complacent ignoring of what was felt to be negligible. It would take a wider knowledge than mine to list even the titles of books and articles coming yearly from the presses of Europe whose burden is the threat of "America" to the traditional culture of Europe.

I am not concerned here with the European side of the matter. Most social unifications come about in response to external pressure. The same is likely to be true of a United States of Europe. If the ideal is approximated in reality, it will likely be as a protective reaction to the economic and financial hegemony of the United States of America. The result would probably be a good thing for Europe, and thus unwittingly we should serve one good purpose, internationally speaking. But it is, in the end, no great consolation to know that in losing our own soul we have been a means in helping save the soul of some one else. Just what is the America whose picture is forming in the minds of European critics?

Some of the writers are ignorant as well as bitter. These may be neglected. Others are intelligent, as well-informed as any foreigner can be about a foreign country, and not devoid of sympathy. Moreover their judgments agree not only with one another but with the protests of native-born dissenters. For convenience and because of the straightforward intelligence of its author, I take as a point of departure, the description of the American type of mind and character presented by Mueller Freienfels.[1] His treatment is the fairer because he understands by "American" a type of mind that is developing, from like causes, all over the world, and which would have emerged in time in Europe, even if there were no geographical America, although its development over the world has been accelerated and intensified by the influence of this country.

As far as any actual American is true to the type that is proclaimed to be *the* American, he should be thrilled by the picture that is drawn of him. For we are told that the type is a genuine mutation in the history of culture; that it is new, the product of the last century, and that it is stamped with success. It is transforming the external conditions of life and thereby reacting on the psychical content of life; it is assimilating other types to itself and re-coining them. No world-conquest, whether that of Rome or Christendom, compares with that of "Americanism" in extent or effectiveness. If success and quantity are in fact the standards of the "American," here are admissions that will content his soul. From the standpoint of the type depicted, he is approved; and what do adverse criticisms matter?

But either the type is not yet so definitely fixed as is represented, or else there are individual Americans who deviate from type. For there are many who have many reserves in our admiration of the picture of it that is presented. Of course the dissenters may be, as the European critics say, impotent sports, fish out of water and affected with nostalgia for the European tradition. But I propose to raise some questions as to whether the American type, supposing there is to be one, has yet taken on definitive form. First, however, what are the characteristics of the type?

Fundamentally, they spring from impersonality. The roots of the intellect are unconscious and vital, in instincts and emotions. In America, we are told, this subconsciousness is disregarded; it is suppressed or is subordinated to conscious rationality, which means that it is adapted to the needs and conditions of the external world. We have "intellect," but distinctly in the Bergsonian sense; mind attuned to the conditions of action upon matter, upon the world. Our emotional life is quick, excitable, undiscriminating, lacking in individuality and in direction by intellectual life. Hence the "externality and superficiality of the American soul"; it has no

[1] "Mysteries of the Soul," translated from the German by Bernard Miall; New York, Knopf, 1929; price $5.00. It may be well to add, in view of the title, that there is nothing occult nor obscurantist about the book. By "soul" is meant "the manifold living reciprocal reactions between the self and the universe."

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ultimate inner unity and uniqueness—no true personality.

The marks and signs of this "impersonalization" of the human soul are quantification of life, with its attendant disregard of quality; its mechanization and the almost universal habit of esteeming technique as an end, not as a means, so that organic and intellectual life is also "rationalized"; and standardization. Differences and distinctions are ignored and overridden; agreement, similarity, is the ideal. There is not only absence of social discrimination but of intellectual; critical thinking is conspicuous by its absence. Our pronounced trait is mass suggestibility. The adaptability and flexibility that we display in our practical intelligence when dealing with external conditions has found its way into our souls and made homogeniety of thought and emotion an ideal.

Quantification, mechanization and standardization: these are then the marks of the Americanization that is conquering the world. They have their good side; external conditions and the standard of living are undoubtedly improved. But they are not limited to these conditions; they have invaded mind and character, and subdued the soul to their own dye. The criticism is familiar; it is so much the burden of our own critics that one is never quite sure how much of the picture of foreign critics is drawn from direct observation and how much from native novels and essays that are not complacent with the American scene. This fact does not detract from its force; it rather adds to it, and raises the more insistently the question of what it all means.

I shall not deny the existence of these characteristics, nor of the manifold evils of superficialism and externalism that result and the production of intellectual and moral mediocrity. In the main these traits exist and they characterize American life and are already beginning to dominate that of other countries. But their import is another thing from their existence. Mueller Freienfels is intelligent enough to acknowledge that they are transitional rather than the last word, as well as the fact that the forces are so intrinsic that it is foolish to rebel against them and lament the past. "The question is how we are to pass through it and transcend it." It is this note which distinguishes his appraisal from so many others.

My comment is that we are still in an early stage of the transition. Anything that is at most but a hundred years old has hardly had time to disclose its meaning in the slow secular processes of human history, and it may be questioned whether even our author has not sometimes succumbed to the weakness of lesser critics in treating the passing symptoms as inherent characters. I do not have in mind here an "optimistic" appeal to future time and its possibilities. I rather wish to raise the question as to how many of the defects and evils that are supposed to belong to the present order are in fact projections into it of a departing past order.

Strength, power, is always relative, not absolute. Conquest is an exhibition of weakness in the conquered as well as of strength in the conqueror. Transitions are out of something as well as into something; they reveal the past as well as project a future. There must have been something profoundly awry in the quality, spirituality and individualized variety of the past, or they would not have succumbed as readily as we are told they are doing to the quantification, mechanization and standardization of the present. And these defective and perverse elements have certainly not been displaced. They survive in the present. Present conditions give these factors an opportunity to disclose themselves. They are not now kept under and out of sight. Their overt manifestation is not a cheering spectacle. But as long as they did not show themselves on a scale large enough to attract notice, they could not be dealt with. I wonder very much whether many of the things that are objected to in the present scene—and justly so—are not in fact revelations of what the older type of culture covered up, and whether their perceptible presence is not to be credited rather than debited to the forces that are now active.

It is possible of course to argue—as Keyserling for example seems to do—that the new or American order signifies simply that the animal instincts of man have been released, while the older European tradition kept them in disciplined subjection to something higher, called with pleasing vagueness "spirituality." The suspicion that suppression is not solution is not confined to America. Undue and indiscriminate greediness in the presence of accessible food may be a symptom of previous starvation rather than an inevitable exhibition of the old Adam. A culture whose tradition rests on depreciation of the flesh and on making a sharp difference between body and mind, instinct and reason, practice and theory, may have wrought a corruption of flesh and a degeneration of mind. It would take a degree of wisdom no one possesses to tell just what, in the undesirable features of the present, is a reflection of an old but not as yet transformed system of life and thought, and how much is a genuine product of the new forces.

One thing seems to be reasonably certain. The prized and vaunted "individuality" of European culture that is threatened by the leveling standardization and uniformity of the American type was a very limited affair. If one were to retort in kind, one could ask how much share in it the peasant and proletariat had. And it is much more than a retort to say that a peasantry and proletariat which has been released from intellectual bondage will for a time have its revenge. Because there is no magic in democracy to confer immediately upon the masses who have been outside any intellectual movement, and who have taken their morals and their religion

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from an external authority above them—an authority which science is destroying—the power of critical discrimination, it does not follow that their ineptitude is the creation of democracy.

Take one instance—the present interest in technique, and the domination of the "American type" by technique. It will hardly be argued I suppose that the mere absence of technique—intelligent means and methods for securing results—is itself a mark of an intrinsically desirable civilization. Nor is it surprising that the discovery of the actuality and potentiality of technique in all branches of human life should have an immediately intoxicating effect. What is called the American mentality is characterized by this discovery, and by the exaggerations that come with the abruptness of the discovery. There is much to be said against quantification and standardization. But the discovery of competent technique stands on a different level. The world has not suffered from absence of ideals and spiritual aims anywhere nearly as much as it has from absence of means for realizing those which it has prized in a literary and sentimental way. Technique is still a novelty in most matters, and like most novelties is played with for a while on its own account. But it will be used for ends beyond itself sometime; and I think that interest in technique is precisely the thing which is most promising in our civilization, the thing which in the end will break down devotion to external standardization and the mass-quantity ideal. For its application has not gone far as yet; and interest in it is still largely vicarious, being that, so to say, of the spectator rather than of naturalization in general use. In the end, technique can signify only emancipation of individuality, and on a broader scale than anything obtaining in the past.

In his most hopeful anticipation of a future to which we may be moving, Freienfels calls attention to the fact that the impoverishment of the individual is accompanied, even now, by an enrichment of community resources. Collectively, present society, he says, is marked by a power over nature and by intellectual resource and power exceeding that of the classic Athenian and the men of the Renaissance. Why is it that this collective ability does not operate to elevate correspondingly the life of individuals? This question he does not ask. Failure to consider it constitutes to my mind the chief failure of critics whether foreign or native. Our materialism, our devotion to money making and to having a good time are not things by themselves. They are the product of the fact that we live in a money culture; of the fact that our technique and technology are controlled by interest in private profit. There lies the serious and fundamental defect of our civilization, the source of the secondary and induced evils to which so much attention is given. Critics are dealing with symptoms and effects. The evasion of fundamental economic causes by critics both foreign and native seems to me to be an indication of the prevalance of the old European tradition, with its disregard for the body, material things and practical concerns. The development of the American type, in the sense of the critics, is an expression of the fact that we have retained this tradition and the economic system of private gain on which it is based, while at the same time we have made a revolutionary independent development of industry and technology. Confusion is the inevitable result. When our critics deal with this issue instead of avoiding it there will be something really doing.

JOHN DEWEY.

Gastonia in Court

AS YOU approach the Mecklenburg County Courthouse, a great white stone building with classical façade and a long sweep of steps, you pass a granite obelisk dedicated to the "Mecklenburg Signers of the Declaration of Independence." On one side of this shaft a brass plaque has been set into the stone, representing a hornet's nest, with the inscription across it, "Let Us Alone."

As you climb the broad stone steps of the courthouse, you thread your way among little groups of men waiting for the court to open. Some of them are talking earnestly, in that low-pitched flexible drawl of the South: most of them are just listening, or waiting, saying nothing. Most of them look like their brothers in Jersey City, or Denver, or Akron; but you know that when they open their mouths, their voices will set them apart. And there is more than a sprinkling here of the Southern farmer, in his unalterable Southern farmer's uniform of overalls, blue shirt, and black slouch hat. These men who have come in from the country to hear the trial would not have looked out of place on these same streets seventy years ago. Looking at them, you see the same faces, the same clothes, almost, of the men who marched with Stonewall Jackson and Longstreet, and raided with Jubal Early.

Inside the courthouse, the crowd is thicker, the atmosphere, reeking with cigar-smoke and that air of affable venality that pervades our public buildings everywhere, is more up-to-date. But here, too, shuffling down the marble corridors, hawking expertly into the brass spittoons, and bending rather shamefacedly over such a modern contraption as

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the drinking fountains, the faded blue overalls and the black slouch hats wander or stand patiently, leaning against the polished walls.

A quarter of an hour before the court opens, every seat in the courtroom is occupied. The courtroom is large and airy, pleasantly lighted by huge windows. On the sunny side of the room, the windows have been shuttered with Venetian blinds. It is an unusually hot day: the jury (by dispensation of the court) have taken off their coats; the packed audience, whether for the same reason or because they are citizens of North Carolina, have done likewise, to a man.

Judge Barnhill raps with his gavel, the sheriff calls the court to order, and the prisoners file in. Unless you have been forewarned, it is a shock to see how young they are. All of them look to be in their early twenties; most of them seem to be boys. Sophie Melvin, the youngest of the three women, is nineteen, but she looks years younger. She is very small, pretty, a bobbed-haired Alice. The prisoners, as they file into the courtroom and take their places, seem neither sheepish nor desperate: they might be any high-school class, except that here and there you see a face above the average in intelligence. They make a decidedly good impression—except, alas, the last one. He is a man older than the rest, with a knowing and yet ignorant monkey's face: his, indeed, is the visage of a criminal. Suddenly you realize that he is a policeman, in plain clothes.

As your eye wanders over the two rows of prisoners, who have now taken their seats, just behind the opposing counsel, it is not hard to pick out the leader. Beal, the labor organizer, and the oldest of the crowd, is a big, red-haired, heavy-faced young man. It is not a particularly interesting face, at first glance, and not very attractive; but Communists have another code of beauty than ours. We can see at least that he is a leader. The State has seen it, too, for their attack is centered on him.

Only nine of these sixteen defendants are Southerners. And there you have the nub of the whole affair. *Let us alone.* It is undoubtedly true that the bitter resentment these defendants have aroused is greatly intensified by the fact that their leaders have come from outside. If the seven Southern converts (or renegades, from Gastonia's point of view) are convicted with them, perhaps it will be a lesson to their brothers.

But the defendants are not really important at a trial. They are usually as unobtrusive, as spectator-like, as bewildered, as the jury. This case is no exception. As for the jury—this pitiful residue of many panels, this result of nine days' weeding among good men and true to find twelve citizens with no opinions—this jury is not prepossessing in appearance. It is considered in some circles that the jury is "pro-labor"—perhaps because one of them is an ex-member of a union. The faces they show to the court, however, are the blank, shy faces of private men in a public place. They squirm uneasily on their seats through the long hot hours of testimony, and rise with alacrity when the Judge calls a recess. They look by turns bewildered, bored, interested and sleepy. In short, a jury.[1]

But what the crowd has come for, apart from a long look at the defendants, a curious stare at the jurors, is to see the fireworks—to watch the lawyers in action. There are plenty of lawyers here. The state has nine; there are almost an equal number for the defense. All of them do not perform at once: they take turns, so that the audience is never too bored by any one of them. It is a good show they put on. For sheer, old-style forensic appearance, the prosecution must be awarded the palm, for none of the defense can match ex-Congressman Hoey (pronounced "hooey"). He is the speaking likeness of Mr. Tutt, The Saturday Evening Post lawyer of the old school. His hair, a lank gray mane swept back from his brow, brushes the neck of his ancient frock coat. He is tall and drooping, with crouching shoulders and a long, drooping face. He looks capable of the depths of oratory. At any rate, he is a clever trial lawyer, and his smooth and ingratiating manner is constantly bringing the defense counsel to their feet, with indignant pleas to the Judge that counsel for the prosecution is "leading the witness." It may be suspected that ex-Congressman Hoey has heard himself likened to Henry Clay. The other leading lawyer for the State, Mr. Carpenter, is the New South personified. He, too, is tall, but there is nothing lanky about him. His movements are brisk, his manner is aggressive, his voice is a staccato bark.

For the defense there are also two lawyers who stand out. Mr. Jimison is a local man, a former Methodist minister. He too is of the New South. He is small and emaciated, with an aquiline face and a head that projects too far behind. His manner is loud and informal, his view of human nature (especially when cross-examining witnesses for the State) somewhat boisterously cynical. He is thought locally to be quite radical. But Arthur Garfield Hays is the man the crowd has come to see. They have heard of him, vaguely, no doubt, but his reputation is sulphurous. He is, if not quite the devil incarnate, at least the nearest thing to it that the citizens of Charlotte have seen in some time. His prognathous, cone-shaped head, sunk into his short, powerful body without the intervention of a neck, his sudden, rasping accusations, his bitter sneers, his hard and passionate eyes, are a battery from whose bombardment any witness is thankful to escape unshaken. There must be something particularly terrible to these soft-spoken Southern people in hearing this rapid bludgeoning catechism hurled out in such a scathingly alien voice. Terrible at the time, perhaps—in the long run, it may be doubted whether ex-Congressman Hoey, in his suaver role, does not go down better with the Southern psychol-

[1] As we go to press, news comes that the Gastonia case has ended in a mistrial, because of the sudden insanity of one of the jurors. Nothing could be less surprising.

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ogy. The audience (and the jury is only a selected part of it) listens breathlessly to Mr. Hays' northern fulminations; when the thunderbolt strikes, the apprehensive crowd smell the fumes of the bolt's passing, but are never quite sure what has been struck. Ex-Congressman Hoey they understand, as they understand his Henry Clay coiffure and his old frock coat.

And the Judge? The judge too is a spectator at a trial; he is not really part of the show—unless, like Webster Thayer, he feels called upon to play the part of cunning old Fury. In a trial of the present day, with really first-class counsel on both sides keeping the ball in play and never missing an opening, it would almost seem that a judge is an unnecessary ornament. Or perhaps it would be better to say that to call him a judge is to misname him. He is a referee, who calls fouls and tries to see that both sides play fair. And it is only just to add that, especially with first-class counsel, he sometimes has his hands full. For we should be very innocent to suppose that a criminal trial is actually conducted in such a way as to bring out all the facts, and in their proper perspective. It is the constant endeavor of both sides in such a trial to bring out and emphasize the facts which are to their clients' advantage, to suppress or minimize the facts which are discreditable. In such a case, the jury's award will naturally and inevitably go to the team which has put on the most convincing show. The only thing the judge can do is to insist that both sides play according to the rules.

There is something horribly incongruous in the spectacle of a man like Judge Barnhill, who has certainly shown himself so far in this trial to be both intelligent and fair-minded, and who has certainly been trained to the law—that is, inured to the tricks of lawyers, the mirages of evidence, and the evasions and fancies of witnesses—forced to play the part of mere referee in a case involving the lives of thirteen men, the liberty of three women; while the final decision of life or death, freedom or imprisonment, will rest on the vote of twelve untrained, unbiased—that is to say, dishonest or ignorant—jurors.

The trial goes on. The State has many witnesses still to call; the defense, it may be presumed, will also produce as many as it can lay its hands on. There is an air of pleasant busyness in the court-room. The court stenographer writes frantically, frowning as she tries to decode the slurring dialect of the witness; a telegraph instrument clicks monotonously; in the press box, a man who looks like a professor is dashing off his story in long-hand, thrusting it sheet by sheet into the hands of a waiting messenger; a white-jacketed Negro brings a pitcher of ice water to the defense counsels' table. Through the long Venetian blinds the hot September sunshine streams in. The judge interposes patiently to the examining lawyer, who is pretending bewilderment, "The witness has answered that question three times already."

On the surface, that is all the Gastonia trial amounts to—a rather exciting, sometimes boring, on the whole rather interesting contest. It is inconceivable, watching this even flow of legal business, that the possible outcome will be three woman imprisoned, thirteen men killed in the electric chair.

If we had more good judges, and fewer good lawyers, and perhaps no juries with the power of life and death, there would be less horror in the ironic obeisances we make as we sacrifice on the altar of Justice, one of our many unknown gods.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

The Liberation of Egypt

WHEN Mr. Baldwin's Government adhered to the Kellogg Pact, it did so with an imperial gesture which will live long in the memory of the peoples of the east. Sweeping its gaze round the horizon, it excepted "certain regions" from the scope of its promise to refrain from war as an instrument of national policy. This vagueness must have caused a tremor of anxiety east of Suez, but actually the Foreign Office had two regions in mind, which it considered strategically vital, Egypt and the Persian Gulf. British Governments will be judged in future largely by their conduct in these regions. Here is located the clinical thermometer by which one may measure the ebb and rise of our imperial fevers.

One may challenge the application of this test to the new Labor Government with every confidence. It has acted in Egypt with a promptitude and courage which have agreeably surprised its friends, and paralyzed its opponents. It has dismissed Lord Lloyd, the High Commissioner, who had revived Lord Cromer's tradition of the firm hand in Cairo. It has offered to the Egyptians a draft treaty which ends the military occupation of half a century. It will be found, as I think I may venture to predict, that when its adhesion to the "Optional Clause" of the Hague Court is announced at Geneva there will be no reservation in the sense of the British Monroe Doctrine. With Egypt, as with the rest of the world, we shall be pledged to arbitrate every justiciable dispute. When one adds that Egypt, with the goodwill of the Empire, will enter the League of Nations, it is obvious that the Tory reservation to the Kellogg Pact has in effect been wiped out. It

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is not a small achievement, and while one must give due credit to Mr. Arthur Henderson and his able lieutenant, Dr. Hugh Dalton, the chief ground for satisfaction is that public opinion has reconciled itself to the change with surprising equanimity. Lord Brentford—better known as "Jix"—has, indeed, blustered about this shocking "surrender," and so have two or three of the popular Tory newspapers, but Sir Austen Chamberlain was content with a cautious comment, in which the assent outweighed the qualifications; The Times, on the whole, approved, and Mr. Garvin of The Observer is enthusiastic. Parliament will certainly ratify what Mr. Henderson has done.

If there is any doubt about the sequel, it flows not from any uncertainty as to the British ratification, but from the tangle of domestic politics in Egypt. For Egypt at the moment is muzzled under an absolutist government, and it was with its head, Mahmoud Pasha, that Mr. Henderson was obliged to deal when he offered his treaty of settlement. He made the stipulations which an honest democrat was bound to make. A Prime Minister who rules without a Parliament can give no undertaking in the name of his people: he can speak only for King Fuad and the Court. Mr. Henderson has insisted therefore, upon free elections, which will be held without delay, and under the old system of manhood franchise, which the King had threatened to modify in the interests of property. This was as far as Mr. Henderson could well go, without direct interference with the internal affairs of a State whose independence he means to respect. But the inconvenience remains, that he was obliged to make his offer to a Government which has no popular support. Mahmoud Pasha is by all accounts an able administrator, who has done much in a year of absolute power to carry out reforms which the Nationalist democrats—the "Wafd"—had promised with more eloquence than sincerity. He has enabled large numbers of the hard-working peasant cultivators to acquire the land from which the owners have hitherto drawn a merciless tribute. He has built hospitals to cope with the endemic diseases which afflict an otherwise sturdy population, and he has built schools which will in time reduce the high percentage of illiteracy in the villages. But the fact remains that he destroyed Parliamentary government, muzzled a Press accustomed to great license, and suspended the right of public meeting.

Egyptian politics have played, for half a century, round a triangle of unequal forces. There is the British Occupation which has ruled by force, mitigated by the honesty and efficiency of its administrative work. Its garrison dominates Cairo. Its aeroplanes, in times of excitement, have a habit of swooping low around the minarets, and if these reminders do not suffice, a couple of battleships will sail in haste from Malta to Alexandria. Then comes the Royal Court, which, in its turn, is a relic of former conquests. Around it are grouped some of the bigger landowning families founded by Turkish soldiers. This aristocracy has never wholly blended with the native population, and in the Hareem it still speaks Turkish. Under Lord Cromer, who, on occasion, could handle Royalty very roughly, the Court was at times as militant as rich men will ever dare to be, but latterly its attitude has changed. It came to terms with the British Occupation, because it was in irreconcilable feud with the popular Nationalist party. This last of the three forces in the triangle represents a renaissance of the enduring Egyptian race. It has suffered six successive conquests. It has adopted the Arabic language and an Arabian religion, but in the villages one still may meet the unmistakable countenance which lives in its ancient art, and neither Christianity nor Islam has obliterated the folklore and the superstitions of its peasants. It was this fellaheen element which rose in revolt, fifty years ago, under Arabi Pasha, and under the British Occupation its consciousness of nationality has only deepened.

These peasants are not a fighting race. They have been schooled to patience under oppressions which only Africans would endure. But they display an amazing persistence and a formidable solidarity. One can lavish no unstinted eulogy on the party of lawyers, intellectuals, and landowners of the second rank, known as the Wafd, which has organized both towns and villages, both Moslems and the tiny Christian minority, into a firmly-knit national phalanx, which has polled on occasion nearly ninety percent of the electorate. It has its own brand of idealism. But it is not impeccably honest: its administration was not a model of efficiency; it promised social reforms in which it seemed to lose interest, when the opportunity for realization arrived. Its tactics toward the occupying power have lacked subtlety. It went on repeating its maximum demands, and when the warships arrived, from time to time, to reason—after the logic of battleships—with its intransigence, it would surrender office, but it would never compromise its claims.

The chances are that the Wafd will, as usual, emerge from the forthcoming elections with a decisive majority. One is not certain how it will receive Mr. Henderson's offer, for even this generous treaty falls short of its own program. One can only say that it would display a folly which would approach the sublime if it were to reject it. For Mr. Henderson has offered something more than an alluring structure of paper. The dismissal of Lord Lloyd was a symbol of the change in the mind of the Imperial Power so unmistakable that only a blind nation could misread it. He is a man whose ability and good intentions no one questions, and he had behind him a considerable experience of the East. But it was not merely to his personal qualities that he owed his appointment. He belongs, as Lord Cromer also belonged, to one of the old banking families, toward which the City cherishes

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an almost superstitious loyalty. He is, moreover, a cousin by marriage of the lady who may one day, if the Prince of Wales remains unmarried, be our Queen. He personifies the marriage of blood and money which made our ruling caste, as faithfully as he represents its traditional belief that Orientals understand nothing but force. When plain Mr. Henderson—who used to be a working iron-moulder—dismissed this master of millions, who is also a prince's cousin, and dismissed him for his heresy about firm government, it was obvious that something had changed at the heart of the Empire. The Tories were well aware of it, but even Mr. Churchill thundered to no purpose in the debate which followed the fall of the last Pro-Consul of our Egyptian province.

In words, Egypt has enjoyed for a decade the status of a sovereign and independent kingdom. In fact, she could be neither, while our troops occupied her capital and our warships intimidated her chief port. Even the removal of the garrison would not have sufficed to make her free, without the other provisions which open to her the Court and Council of the League in her future differences with the Empire. Some part of the garrison, it is true, will remain on her territory, confined to the strip of arid sand which borders the Canal, but the League's machinery should be a sufficient guarantee against any temptation to abuse its propinquity. The treaty, moreover, removes the grounds on which intervention was usually based. We no longer require the Egyptians to appoint a British officer to command their army, though we do stipulate that any foreign officers whom they choose to employ shall be British. The extra-territorial rights which foreigners enjoyed in Egypt will disappear, and their protection will devolve henceforth upon the Mixed Courts, which enjoy a high reputation. The effect of this frank change of status will not be lessened appreciably by the continuance in office for a few years of a British financial expert, and of some British officers in the police of Cairo, for these are transitional arrangements. Indeed, it is probable that British officials will be able to render better service to Egypt in the five years to come than in the generation which lies behind them. It is difficult to mix military coercion with the processes of civic education. The trouble in the past was that the hum of a British aeroplane, or the tramp of a regiment in khaki was apt to distract the attention of an Egyptian Minister while he listened to the salutary exhortations of his British colleague. Few students would profit from the lessons of their teachers if machine guns were always visible on the campus.

The arrangement which replaces the veiled Protectorate is not from the standpoint of a citizen of the world an ideal one, but it marks an immeasurable advance. Egypt becomes the military ally of the British Empire, and each party to the alliance promises to avoid any foreign policies prejudicial to the interests of the other. The meaning of the whole arrangement is sufficiently clear. London will tolerate no rival in Cairo, and will continue to control the canal, but Egypt is at last, in her domestic life, her own sovereign and mistress. President Wilson was ideally right when he said, in one of his early pronouncements on the League of Nations, that "partial alliances" are a contradiction of its principle. It his not lived up to that austere logic. It has blessed the Locarno treaties, which guarantee the peace of Western Europe. It will not frown on this Anglo-Egyptian alliance, though it turns the Suez Canal in time of war into a British waterway. It would be well for the world if the requirements of strategy involved no graver consequences than this. Danzig is torn from the body of the German Republic, and the Tyrol is subjected to forcible Italianization in obedience to the same law of military safety. One may congratulate the Labor Party on doing what lay within its power, but a task remains for the future in which it, too, as the years go on, may well be the pioneer. The organization of the Old World for peace will be incomplete until the League itself assumes the guardianship of its narrow straits and its maritime canals. For the Suez Canal, after all, is something more than a link in the communications of the British Empire. It is the world's highway. It may require a generation of education in the technique of international cöoperation before the League dares itself assume this responsibility. But Egypt will no longer wear fetters while we learn to organize an international police.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London.

Song

Be at peace, and let the gale
Shake blossom down from the chestnut tree
And the light rain tear the blossom apart.
There is no hatred in the May rain.
It will fall today and another day,
Washing the bud and the barren spike
And the worm's body, all alike,
With neither malice nor tenderness.
There was a time when every drop
Fell like a weapon upon the heart
Until it seemed that the heart must stop.
But the body has known its enemy,
The heart has eaten its bitterness,
There is nothing more for the heart to say.

Be at peace, we have stolen away,
We have stolen our life again,
We shall sleep tonight in spite of the gale.
Rest as quiet and sleep as sound
As the dead sleep in the living ground.
Do not fear for the steadfast heart,
Do not fear for the chestnut bloom
Although the waters tear it apart,
We have shut Death's mouth with a country tale.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENET.

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Washington Notes

THE flood of tariff oratory in the Senate is rising at a rate that threatens to obliterate high water marks that have stood for years. The indications are that all save the most hopelessly inarticulate Senators are determined to contribute to the flow before it is over. There is scarcely a man who does not feel the call to "explain his position" or "set forth his views," regardless of how well his position is understood or how unimportant are his views. An enormous quantity of bilge is being and will be spilled—and very low grade bilge at that. From neither the Democratic nor the Republican side in this fight will there come either notable speeches or clean-cut arguments. On the one side they will deal largely in invectives; on the other in subterfuge and excuse. The proportion of sincerity from either will be exceedingly small, that of personal and partisan politics very large. The most thoughtful as well as the most forceful opposition will come from the Progressive Republicans, and for two reasons. One is that the leaders among that element—Borah, Norris and Brookhart—have spent more time studying the bill and are better equipped to assail it in detail. The other because being free from the party tie that naturally lines the Democrats up against a Republican bill, the charge of partisanship does not rest against them. They have a better right to be regarded as opposing the measure on principle. Still another reason is that their ranks are relatively free from the demagogish type of statesman so prevalent in the minority party, whose speeches are largely delivered for the sake of listening to the more or less mellifluous sound of his own voice. It is clear that the real leadership to smash the bill will come from the Progressives and not from the aged Simmons, whose last-year bolt of his party, added to his tenderness toward the Duke interests when the Mellon tax bill was the big issue in the Senate, has greatly lessened his influence with his party associates. Nor will it come from Robinson of Arkansas, the official Democratic floor leader, who has his personal enemies on both sides of the Chamber.

The more the situation is studied the surer it seems the bill will be kicked to pieces in the Senate, regardless of the conceded defection of four or five Democrats whose support can be obtained at the easy price of the increases demanded by their individual states. It is interesting that the administration organs concede this, and further interesting that, except for the Curtis publications, which reflect the Pennsylvania viewpoint, they are entirely undisturbed at the prospect. So also, it can be stated, are the really big business interests usually so determinedly and unitedly behind the Republican tariff bill as it comes from the Republican members of the Senate Finance Committee. So also, it is clear, is the White House. All of them give unmistakable indications of being reasonably reconciled to the impending emasculation of the bill, even to its murder. If there has been a parallel to this condition in a tariff battle, no one in Washington now remembers it. The fact is that on the Republican side there is less fervor and enthusiasm for this bill than for any other. Also the special interests which molded it in the House and got it out of the Senate committee in its present shape are less numerous and less weighty than they have been in previous fights. Primarily I suppose the reason for this is the extraordinary continuation of prosperity in the country as a whole. While one or two industries other than agriculture are in a depressed condition, the statistics show that from the prosperity angle August was the peak month in history. Production and consumption were both greater, unemployment less. And August followed a July in which a similar condition was reported. Under such circumstances it is easy to understand the absence among many big industrialists, usually counted upon to consider higher protection essential, of militant sentiment favoring such a general revision upward as proposed in the Senate bill; why as a whole it is so impossibe to justify or defend; why the relatively few who have applied the real pressure are not going to get away with it.

My belief now is that before the middle of November the regular Republican forces behind the bill will be in a state of considerable demoralization, without control of the situation and no hope of getting through a bill even approximately resembling this one. My further belief is that when this situation develops, they will promptly lose all interest in the passage of the bill at all, and if it goes through at this session it will have to be put through by the Democratic-Progressive combination with practically no help from the regular Republicans. On the other hand, those who know the caliber of Reed of Pennsylvania, in whose hands the main defense of the bill will lie, and his friend and ally, Moses of New Hampshire, are quite convinced that they are capable of turning on the emasculated bill and putting it to death. They are the type who, if they can't get what they want, would rather have nothing. Poor losers and poor sports, they would take immense satisfaction in retaliating for the refusal of the western group to permit the industrial increases dear to their hearts by refusal to let a bill, largely limited to higher rates on farm products, go through. It is exactly the sort of thing they would do, as has been shown by previous Senate performances.

In brief, I should not be surprised if, instead of a Democratic or Republican filibuster to prevent the passage of a tariff bill, such as has been suggested—I should not be surprised if this special session wound up with the recognized Republican leaders filibustering—and successfully—against the bill. This, it must be conceded, would be an amusing and unprecedented happening. Already there are mutterings along this line emanating from the Republican side of the Chamber, dark hints that if the farmers get no tariff help at all, the real responsibility is going to be on the "farmer's friends" in the Senate who insist upon having it all and giving nothing. This may be a bluff, but I do not think so. Whatever else may be said of Mr. Reed, it cannot be said of him that he hesitates to "go through." He has shown that on several occasions in the Senate, once going so far as to kill the Coolidge administration's deficiency appropriation bill to prevent the probe into the Pennsylvania primaries. It did not hurt him in Pennsylvania to do that. On the contrary, it helped him mightily with Boss Vare, furthered his renomination for the Senate, and gave him vast personal satisfaction. Nor

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would it hurt Moses or Bingham to spike an emasculated tariff bill.

Whether the noble Watson, official floor leader of his party, would go that far I do not know, but it does not make much difference. It is an interesting situation. The Democrats and Progressives would rather have no bill than the bill in anything like the shape it is now. The Progressives are sincere about it, the Democrats have to seem so, though their political interests would obviously be served if a bad bill passes and is signed. On the other side the regular Republicans would prefer no bill to a bill limited to agriculture and eliminating all industrial increases. Neither side is wholly united. There are a few Democrats who will vote with the regulars for personal political reasons and there are several Republicans who will vote to reduce some industrial rates and eliminate others. In between is Mr. Hoover, who wants a bill largely dealing with farm products but including additional protection for certain industries provable to be in a languishing condition and in which unemployment exists—for example the textile industry. On form there would seem to be but two probable outcomes—either a bill fairly well conforming to the Hoover recommendation or no bill at all. The latter alternative would of course leave Mr. Hoover with his campaign pledge to agriculture just half fulfilled. He would not like that, but he would like it more than the passage of the bill in its present form. That would confront him personally with an unpleasant alternative. Either he would have to veto the bill, or he would have to let the Democrats and Progressives get away with an issue that might mean the loss of control of the House in the middle of his term. That to Hoover would be a calamity. It would not only end hope for the success of the administration program, but it would be a disturbing portent for 1932.

T. R. B.

Washington.

From a City Notebook

COMING into New York after a summer in the country, and plunging into the mere wash of traffic that follows the rush hour, when the trains are crowded a little below the point of suffocation, is enough to convince one that a good part of our civilization is hilariously mad. The stale air, the press of warm bodies, the distorted postures, the complete inanity of the ride would be barely tolerable once in a great while, when a crowd gathered to participate in a football game or witness, for a few seconds, the bodily form of a returning hero, returning from the Channel, the South Pole, a shipwreck, a diplomatic mission: but as a daily occurrence New York's rush hour is incredible. What marvelous training for the patient horror of trench-warfare these daily rides to and from work are! What callous patches must form on the personality before these criminal crushes can be accepted as part of the inevitable routine of living! One can only account for the subway by remembering that pathology often masquerades as a mode of life; and just as in the human body the most vicious disease may be accompanied by heightened activities in every organ, and an immense appearance of vitality, so in our great cities, this daily degradation may have the outward appearance of purposive activity and intelligent adaptation. All this skyscraper-building and tunnel-digging, this land-gambling and congestion, this human waste and depression and futility, is justified by the canons of finance —and the metropolis knows no other standard. Viewed with an innocent eye, the great bulk of these activities are mad: one has no doubt whatever about this the first few days after one's return; but in the course of the winter one acquires enough of the disease to rob one's perceptions of their acuteness, and the necessary brutality, cynicism, indifference, apathy, accumulate and inure one to the plutonian routine. What a theme for satire! Compared to the average New Yorker's life, the activities of Main Street represent an enviable peak of culture and intelligence, and yet New York dares to laugh at Gopher Prairie.

Among the receding glories of American civilization one will presently have to add, I fear, those gains in the construction of skyscrapers which were registered in The Shelton, the Barclay-Vesey Building, 2 Park Avenue and 1 Fifth Avenue. Between 1924 and 1928 it seemed that American architecture had at last emerged from its feeble, romantic, pseudo-historic posturing, and was creating something that, however harsh and dehumanized, represented what was vital and effective in our civilization. The past year, alas! has been marked by a series of retreats, or one had better say atavisms: most of the new buildings that have been put up around the Grand Central Station have followed the lamentable example of the New York Central Building; they belong to the period of design dated by the Singer Building and the Woolworth Tower, and are distinguished only by their essential mediocrity—a quality deepened, so to say, by their height. I have never expected very much from the American skyscraper, in view of the conditions under which it is produced; and these new buildings confirm my skepticism. Their owners and architects—*it is hard to apportion the blame*—have confounded height with importance, bulk with dignity, and flashy-feeble ornament with grace. The result is a species of architectural malapropery. They are not merely impoverished in thought: they lack an elementary acquaintance with grammar and syntax, and their vocabulary would be painful in its illiteracy if it were not so funny. Who or what is responsible for this backward step? I have no explanation, except the fatal absence of critical standards in our architecture, which has permitted the very best and the very worst examples to be smothered in the same praise. This in turn is related to our law of libel; for architects, unlike authors, are not used to a frank critical judgment on their works, and they have been so tetchy about one or two efforts in this direction that no professional journal dares print it. This fact explains, perhaps, why our poetry is on the whole so much better than our architecture, and why genuine poets have some little chance of being recognized whilst our most vigorous architects are forced again and again to give way to duffers who have not even the intelligence to employ competent designers and draughtsmen to eke out their own lack of talent. Something might be done to improve matters if a group of able architects would get together and pledge

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themselves to abstain from entering a libel suit against any honest criticism of their work. This might make any other architect think twice before taking advantage of the law to protect his professional position; and it would put architecture alongside painting, sculpture, drama, and literature in general. Such an innovation would do more to set good architecture before the public than any amount of professional publicity; and it would be worth a dozen educational campaigns, for it would educate the architects themselves a little, as well as their clients!

I suppose I am not the only one who has been watching with melancholy amusement what has been happening to Child's restaurants during the last couple of years. I do not refer to the sanguinary combat between the dieticians and the financial interests, but rather to the successive changes that have come about in their interiors. They began, everyone above the age of twenty will recall, with those surgical interiors of protestant white with glazed tiled walls, bentwood chairs, and porcelain-finished table tops which gave the place its original flavor of antiseptic elegance, and along with the pancake exhibitions in the window, established its character. The hospital-ward atmosphere was a little overdone, perhaps: even hospitals now realize that one may preserve cleanliness in other finishes than white: but what was needed was not so much a revolutionary departure from this precedent as a gradual refinement. A few years ago it seemed that this change might take place: the hard brilliance of the early Child's period was retained; but the wall colors were modified, the lighting fixtures smartened, and the bentwood chairs made a little more yielding to the back. All this was done at first with a slight French and classical touch; still, one could not be sure that this was a regression, and as far back as 1921, when I wrote an article on "Machinery and the Modern Style" for The New Republic, I used this development as an example. Little did I anticipate the changes that were in store; little did I fancy I should live to see a Child's done up in fake fifteenth century English, or another with vast puffed rice grains spattered over the walls for "texture." All this has happened; the degeneration has taken place; and the result, needless to say, is esthetically far below the coarse surgical honesty of the first Child's. One might say of the old restaurants that they were good as far as they went; one can only say of the present ones that they are bad no matter how far they go: in fact, the more heavily they pile on "atmosphere," the worse they will be, and the more impossible it will be for a moderately sensitive person even to enjoy a cup of coffee within their pseudo-artistic walls. It is an old story in our American development: the lack of continuity, the failure to follow through, the inability to conceive our own line and follow it. The temporary success of romantic theater decorations in a new chain of restaurants has wrecked the integrity of a very characteristic American institution. Let us look some place else for a proper harbinger of the Machine Age!

LEWIS MUMFORD.

CORRESPONDENCE

Down at the Mill

SIR: I am enclosing an account of conditions in the southern strike areas near Marion more eloquent than a mere observer could write.

Would you in printing this suggest that money for relief be sent to the Emergency Committee for Strikers' Relief at 112 East 19th Street, New York City.

JACK HERLING.

New York City.

[INCLOSURE]

DOWN AT THE MILL

Everybody spits on the floor. And many tuberculosis patients work in the mill. I've been there six years, and I see them while they are ill, until they can stand up no longer. The mills are swept while we are working and fill our breath with lint and dust full of germs. The man who scrubs, pours water from a barrel, rubs it around and then sweeps it into a shovel. Nothing is cleaned by such scrubbing.

The toilets are filthy and ill-smelling. We have to drink in there. Water is put in the toilet-room in a pail carried from one of the wells in the village. One dipper is furnished with each pail. All the workers in one room drink from one dipper. That is why so many of the workers wait until they go home after six o'clock to drink water.

The dophers and spinners have to eat their dinner any time they can. The mill does not stop off for noon hour. The mill runs day and night. Tags are sewed on to show who makes the most defects. More bad work is made at night.

An inspector sits and keeps her eyes on moving cloth as thousands and thousands of yards fly over the roller without any rest. Is it any wonder that eyes and muscles ache?

If a worker is caught up with work they cannot leave the mill. One worker worked hard and got one-half day ahead. She stayed home and was docked for losing the time. Inspectors earn $8.50 a week. Nine dollars and thirty-five cents is the highest wage, which happens once a month. The graders make twenty cents a day more than the inspectors.

I am thinking about a widow woman in the village who has a little girl ten years old to feed and clothe and keep in school. She also has an invalid father to support who hasn't done any work in four years. He has nervous disease. Her older sister and her mother are too old to work, but manage to do the house work, washing and ironing for the family. The widow makes $11 a week to support all of them. She is a spooler, and stands on her feet from six in the morning until six at night. She underwent an operation six years ago —she isn't strong. There is a fine doctor in Marion who does this family's doctoring without pay. There are many other village families who have a hard struggle.

Some few live on back lanes and have gardens. They fatten a hog, keep a cow and chickens. They get along better.

The houses in the village are built high off the ground, very open and cold in the winter time. Haven't been painted inside in ten years; are smoked and dirty. The roofs leak badly.

The toilets in the village are earth pit toilets. The pits are seven feet deep. Many of the wells are below the toilets. This summer they were digging new pits for the toilets. The old pits were filled up with filth running all over the ground into a ditch in front of a house by the street, and it was left in that condition. The mill workers had to bury it themselves with cinders after work time.

The president and secretary of the company live in Marion, a mile and a half from the mills. The overseers and store force are paid living wages. Have much better wages than the other workers. They have water in their houses and also get a Christmas bonus.

Those in charge over the workers do not like to give them notices to vacate the houses for they know the conditions. Many are sick and without money to move.

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I hope there is some of the information here that you do not have. I am very sorry I haven't education enough to write as I wish.

(Signed) Mary Frances Gentry,
Clinchfield Mills, Marion, N. C.

[NOTE: The above was written by a woman worker in the Clinchfield cotton mill and given to me while I was in the strike zone there. I can vouch for the truth of all she has said.—Tom Tippett, Brookwood Labor College; Katonah, N. Y.]

An Addition

SIR: I wish to say that I felt very much honored to have my letter to President Hoover published in The New Republic of March 27.

I am writing to ask you if you will be so kind as to correct an omission of a part of the letter which I consider very important.

In my letter to the President, "Yours for Christ and His Kingdom," was written at the conclusion of the letter and just above my signature. I do not know whether that part was left out of the copy sent to The New Republic, but I am very anxious to have the error corrected regardless of who was to blame for the omission.

WM. W. HARRIS, JR.

Spartanburg, S. C.

[The omission referred to by Mr. Harris was a matter of editorial form, as it is not customary to print such expressions as "Yours truly," "Yours sincerely," etc., on the correspondence pages. —THE EDITORS.]

MacDonald's Record Concerning India

SIR: We have read with much interest your recent editorial on Labor and the Empire.

Now that the Labor Ministry in Britain is a fact and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald the Prime Minister, it will interest your readers to know something of his past views regarding India and her political problems.

Some years ago, when India was in the turmoil of a great political agitation, due to the partition of Bengal, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald came to India to study the condition of the country at first-hand. While in India, he brought himself in contact with all the most prominent men of the time and conscientiously studied the different problems of the country. On his return to England, in 1910, he published a most interesting book called the "Awakening of India." This book is not easily available now. We, therefore, take this opportunity of giving a few extracts from it.

Speaking of the difficulties of Indian nationalism, Mr. MacDonald wrote:

> A still more formidable difficulty is the Anglo-Indian community. The service cannot be expected to welcome the national spirit. It has even gone the length of condemning as sedition the most innocent phraseology of nationalism and to treat as dangerous political characters those who criticize its actions. It has sought to widen the scope of sedition until it should include everything that was not flattery. Above all, it has resorted to the tyrannical method of deportation without trial and without even stating to the accused what his fault is.

As a representative of the labor class of Britain, the power of the Indian masses and the extravagant character of the British administration in India struck him most forcibly. He wrote:

> Nobody who has seen India and the conditions of Indian government will deny that there is a great extravagance. The European service is extravagant; the conditions under which it rules are extravagant. . . .
>
> We spend far too much of the income of India on imperial purposes and far too little on Indian development. Nine-tenths of the charge of the army in India is an Imperial charge. Canada, South Africa, and Australia, should bear it as much as India. It is a piece of the most bitter cynicism to find the imperial doors of our colonies shut in the faces of those poor people who bear such an inordinate share of the cost of Imperial maintenance and at whose expense these dominions are protected from the fear of war. If 18,000,000 pounds of the army charges were met by the whole Empire we might look the Indian taxpayer in the face as honest men. At present we cannot do so. . . . Our government is extravagant and we have behaved meanly to India.

At a time when the government of India has once more started a campaign of wholesale arrests and prosecutions of Indian leaders for sedition, the following remarks of Mr. MacDonald will be read with interest:

> Nothing reveals more plainly the ineffectiveness of the Indian administration than its attitude toward sedition. It allows the Anglo-Indian press to publish day by day highly objectionable and provocative articles against the children of the soil, but this is done with impunity, whilst the Indian reply is regarded as sedition, as stirring up racial enmity, as bringing the government into contempt.

To prove the above quotations from Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the recent suppression in India as seditious of a book "India in Bondage," by Dr. J. T. Sunderland, an American Unitarian Minister, and of the jailing of its Hindu publisher and the printer (three months each), is an instance in point. This has been done by an irony of fate with the accession of the English Labor party to power with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald at its head.

Informed of the book's suppression in India and the jailing of the publisher and printer, Dr. Sunderland is reported to have said:

> If Chatterji and Das [the Indian publisher and printer] are guilty of sedition for publishing my book "India in Bondage," then Ramsay MacDonald, the British Premier, Col. Wedgwood, Dr. V. H. Rutherford, and other members of the British Parliament are also guilty. For the extremest and most seditious passages in the book are quotations from these great and honored Englishmen. The book advocates government reforms by wholly peaceful methods. To brand this as sedition is the clearest possible proof that the book's title is correct and that India is in bondage.

Among the quotations from Prime Minister MacDonald in Dr. Sunderland's book is the following:

> The moral justification that has always been made for the existence of our Empire amongst the subject peoples has been that we are training them for self-government. The most typical of that is our Indian Empire. A thousand and one reasons are given for a little more tutelage. Now plain practical common sense should come to our rescue. Nobody can imagine that any harm will come from independence. Let independence be granted. (Article by Ramsay MacDonald in The London Daily Herald, October 17, 1927.)

Not alone Mr. MacDonald, but the Labor party endorses the above as quoted in "India in Bondage":

> We believe that the time has come when our brothers in all parts of India are capable (not will be sometime, but are now) of controlling their own affairs equally along with South Africa and other British dominions and we hereby pledge ourselves to assist in every way possible to bring about this much desired reform.

But are the Labor party and its chief executive sincere in their professions? The Prime Minister and his party, even when not in power, supported the appointment of the Simon Commission. When Labor was in office once before it did nothing for India, but hurled an ordinance at her head.

The truth of the matter is that your Britisher, including British labor, in spite of his professions, does not want India to be free and independent. India is never a party question in British politics. All the parties in England are at one in keeping India enslaved.

British policy toward India was expressed about two years ago by Sir Joynson Hicks, one of the most influential members of the Baldwin Cabinet, in the following words, "We did not conquer India for the benefit of the Indians. I know it is said in the missionary field that we conquered India to save India. We conquered India as an outlet for our commerce. We conquered her by the sword and by the sword we will hold her."

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Now, we admire this kind of talk. We like it, because it is sincere. It boldly states the truth. India is being held under subjection for the economic benefit of England, to which all political parties agree.

No matter which party comes to power, this policy toward India will never be changed materially unless and until British imperialism, with its greed and exploitation, are totally destroyed. British imperialism is a menace to world peace and freedom.

RATTAN SINGH SEKHON.

Highland Park, Mich.

Borsodi for the Quality Minded

SIR: The comments of Mr. and Mrs. Beck in recent issues of The New Republic, upon Mr. Borsodi's articles are interesting, not because of the arguments they advance—which are beside the point—but for the light they throw upon the factory-dominated minds of the writers.

Both these correspondents are either unconscious of, or have ignored, Mr. Borsodi's basic theme: the achievement of economic independence and the "good life" *for the quality-minded.* Mr. Borsodi does not contend that the *quantity-minded* and the *herd-minded* can or will adapt themselves to this scheme of living. The quantity-minded, by which is meant the predatory, profit-hunting, self-seeking type, certainly would be averse to Mr. Borsodi's scheme, since they thrive only by exploiting their less aggressive fellow-beings. And the herd-minded, by which is meant the sheep-like mass who conform to patterns from congenital inability to think and act upon their own initiative, have so completely succumbed to the barrage of our national advertisers as to require several generations before they can emerge from the smoke and fumes of deceptive verbiage into the light of truth.

Having missed this basic point, the Becks with a delicious seriousness take up their cudgels for the factory-system,

> And prove their doctrine orthodox
> By apostolic blows and knocks.

After an idyllic allusion to the soap-making and cream-skimming activities on her grandmother's farm, Mrs. Beck blithely describes the drawbacks and discomforts of routine life on her own suburban farm, as though that sort of life is the ideal at which Mr. Borsodi aims! That she does not hesitate to don rubber boots and clean drains; that she objects to decapitating and eviscerating fat roast capons; that her seven-year old tripped and sat down in the bucket of ninety eggs (why not an even eight dozen?); that she produces mayonnaise with a fork; that she detects the matrimonial aspirations of the cow—all this may make the unthinking herd-minded shudder in their city-caves, and the quantity-minded quote with a wink and a chuckle Puck's immortal aphorism anent mortals. But what has it to do with a quality-minded man's logical and practical utilization of factory-made domestic machinery in his escape from intellectual thralldom?

Mrs. Beck suspects Mr. Borsodi of trying to let her in for something worse than suburban farm-life as she knows it—something akin to the unremitting toil that killed off our great-grandmothers in their prime and wore out three and three-quarters wives of an early Harvard class. A critical, thoughtful reading of Mr. Borsodi's articles reveals no ground for her suspicion. To those of the quality-minded who care to heed, Mr. Borsodi points the way not back to the good old days when men killed their wives by overwork, but forward to a new independence to be wrested from the very factories that now threaten utterly to submerge them.

A sense of humor would improve the tone and possibly the logic of Mr. Beck's comments upon the Borsodi articles. Of the millions of people who, as Mr. Beck says, "live rurally"—as he does—in and around the small towns of America, no doubt not one-tenth of 1 percent, to borrow Mr. Beck's estimate, could or would believe that there is anything new or worth trying in Mr. Borsodi's scheme of living. Why should they? They live "rurally"; and as Mr. Beck intimates, of course they know all about it. Like the member of a rural Board of Education who, in objecting to employing a city educational expert of national repute to survey the local schools, remarked: "What can them city fellers larn us about our schools?" What, indeed! What could Galileo teach his neighbors about the Copernican system? What could Mr. Beck teach the people who live "rurally" in Arkansas and Tennessee about the theory of evolution?

It is curious how completely Mr. Beck has missed the real significance of Mr. Borsodi's economic evaluation of time instead of money as standard of exchange. Mr. Borsodi's suggestion that we should consider the marginal utility of time, which is mortal man's most precious possession, is a new and prophetic note in modern economics. It offers a fresh angle from which to view the present trends in mass-production, the mounting costs of distribution, and the prodigal waste of capital in "glamorous" advertising of consumers' goods. What fields in economics as yet unstudied it reveals! What profound economic changes it flashes before the mind's eye! Yet to Mr. Beck this potential contribution to economics is merely "fine-spun cost-accounting"!

"The first step in orderly thinking is consistency," says Mr. Beck. Emerson, whom Mr. Beck quotes, calls consistency the "hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines." But Emerson is old-fashioned; he lived before the quantity-minded discovered what golden profts there are in mass-production, advertising, and high-powered salesmanship.

"When David went forth to slay Goliath, he selected a hard smooth stone, and not a puff of cotton," concludes Mr. Beck, forgetting that in David's day the explosive elements in cotton were unknown. And has he not forgotten, too, that all the Israelites—who lived rurally—"were dismayed and greatly afraid" of the giant? Doubtless David, too, had neighbors who pointed out how illogical and untenable his position was when he declared he had a way of overcoming Goliath. Even quantity-minded Saul was skeptical; and herd-minded Goliath "disdained" the champion. But note that David's hard smooth stone sunk into Goliath's forehead. Thus sometimes do new ideas find entrance.

E. C. R.

Jefferson, N. H.

Invitation to Combat

SIR: As an avid spectator of the modern American literary scene, and an addict of prize-fights and bull-fights on the side, I have long bemoaned the absence of gory unpleasantness in present-day national criticism. Occasionally a Mencken, a Huneker or a Frank Harris dons the matador's colors, but they rage and roar to little opposition and indifferent audiences. Professor Babbitt snorts impotently to Harvard intellectuals; Ernest Boyd acidulously smooths out the "Marcel Wave"; a few others emit a snarl when their pet Pomeranian's tail is trod upon—but, alas, all seems quiet on the critical front.

Now it is a commonplace that one of the things that keeps French letters virile is the lack of country club manners in its criticism—and the recent German renaissance can be traced, in part, to the same spirit. A thorough-going patriot, I have been grieved of late to observe the critics of my own great country so cowardly and gracious: where is that famous American pioneer bravado?

Closely perusing your excellent periodical for signs of simmering warfare, I came across a review of Mr. Gilbert Seldes' which might very well be the Sarajevo for a magnificent combat. He is writing of Ralph Barton's "God's Country" and towards the close of his essay he makes some daring remarks that should not pass unchallenged by those at whom they are aimed. Just whom he means is obvious to all the literate.

Disagreeing with him emphatically, I was moved to cross his keen sword with my own, but a fuller awareness of my limitations stayed my hand. Not that I am suffering from old wounds, for I'm not. It's just that I am ineligible for military duty by virtue of flat feet, astigmatism, prolapse of the uterus and megalomania. Sadly I sit back, awaiting the long line of civilian buddies on the way to the front. Let them rise and unsheathe their weapons! Give an old man a good show! Go after this young Seldes fellow, my bravos, and give him blow for blow!

JOHN MILTON BRIGHT.

New York City.

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Savage Mentality and Sex

The Mind of the Savage, by Raoul Allier. Translated by Fred Rothwell. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. 301 pages. $3.75.

Studies of Savages and Sex, by Ernest Crawley, edited by Theodore Besterman. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 300 pages. $4.50.

The Sexual Life of Savages, by Bronislaw Malinowski, with a preface by Havelock Ellis. New York: Horace Liveright. 2 vols. 603 pages. $10.

THE work of M. Allier is a sequel to his previous study of conversion among uncivilized peoples. He is a notable representative of French Protestantism, being professor of Protestant Theology in Paris. He has for thirty years been concerned practically with the problems of mission work, particularly in French Africa and Madagascar. This explains his line of approach in studies of uncivilized man, and his estimate of the results of contact with civilized races.

M. Allier accepts, in general, the interpretation of the savage mind given by Levy-Bruhl in his "Primitive Mentality." It is a mentality which avoids and ignores logical thought, and is immersed in a world wholly mystical, filled with invisible and occult powers and ruled by magic. He argues against the view that the primitive mind is constituted like our own, but merely undeveloped. On the contrary, it is a closed and finished system which must be interpreted in its own peculiar terms, and in which logical thinking has no part.

This position is accepted by Allier, who deals specifically with the dominant place in uncivilized life of magic and the practice of sorcery. From this he follows his own line by showing with an abundance of illustrative material that witchcraft has constituted a not unimportant part of the mentality of civilized peoples. He traces it in the psychology of the gambler, and the general respect paid to chance or luck. He finds the attitude a normal stage in the mental growth of the child. When it persists, however, it represents a kind of arrest of growth, or a differentiation in the personality, which may leave it in one aspect completely logical and scientific, but, in the other, dominated by superstitious respect for luck. The recent case of a minister of finance being convicted as a defaulting gambler, would afford an excellent illustration of M. Allier's thesis. The point of his argument is that magic, wherever found, represents a surrender of the effort to solve problems, and a giving of oneself into the hands of occult powers capable of being influenced by talismanic methods.

Magic, therefore, means mental arrest and moral deterioration. It is M. Allier's view that the existing uncivilized races do not represent an evolutionary step toward civilization, but a specific deterioration. The progenitors of civilized peoples must have maintained their capacity for invention, and their moral integrity. The author naturally aligns himself against the evolutionary school of ethnology, and strongly supports the views of the migrationists and dispersionists. He is influenced by the older anti-Darwinians, Renouvier and Quatrefages, and by the moderns, Gräbner and Schmidt.

With this theoretical basis, Allier proceeds to practical conclusions, nowhere stated dogmatically but by inference and suggestion. We, who represent civilization, are now in unavoidable contact with races held in the vise of belief in magic, and characterized in consequence by spiritual disintegration, by what he calls intellectual and moral ankylosis. What is to be the program? Certainly not that of the colonizing exploiters, suppression and, if necessary, elimination. A new conscience and sense of responsibility are becoming active even in colonial offices. Behind this new attitude lies the intent to redeem uncivilized peoples from the bonds of their mentality, and to return them to the road traveled by the civilized members of the human family. M. Allier is not discouraged by the decline which attends all the experiments being made in the substitution of mentality. The retrogression which follows the making of a clean slate of the past by political and economic action of ruling nations can be avoided if such action is supplemented by that of a moral and human type. The destruction of their old religion must be followed by replacement—a justification of the missions. It is not claimed, however, that religious teaching is more than a part of the work to be done among the uncivilized, but it does represent an initiative of the spiritually mature to release the backward from their imprisonment and assist them toward their true destiny.

The book is written with the usual Gallic lucidity, and well translated. It is most readable, although one would like to see conclusions stated categorically instead of having to be found by inference from a sometimes labored mass of arguments. One feels that there is perhaps too much reinforcement of the old self-assured view that the uncivilized are poor benighted heathen whom it is our duty to save. On the other hand, it is a corrective to the theory of the untouchable sanctity of primitive cultures in a world of unavoidable racial contacts.

The book by A. E. Crawley is a collection of studies on various topics such as obscenity and the orgy, the oath, curse and blessing, in addition to the two that deal with sex, on chastity and sexual morality, and on the forms of love. It is therefore rather a study in savage psychology than in sexology. The intention is perhaps to identify all of Crawley's work as centering in his principal book, "The Mystic Rose." Readers of the latter, as well as those who were personally acquainted with Crawley, will be prepared to find examples of his remarkable psychological insight into the mental setting of savage usages. The principal study, that of chastity among uncivilized peoples and its development into its civilized counterpart, draws largely from the psychological studies of Havelock Ellis to interpret what ethnology presents as a frequently confused and sometimes contradictory set of customs.. Crawley finds, as the basis of chastity, not only biological periodicity but the much weaker sex impulse of savages as compared with the civilized. Apart from this, while there is universal preference for prenuptial abstention, there is no consistent restraint until conventional repression arises in the protection of purchasable daughters, of the husband's proprietary rights, and of persons within the same family circle. Generally, among savages, a taboo enforcing continence is laid upon the whole community in connection with important undertakings, such as war or special pieces of work. It is laid generally upon the practitioners of magic, as later upon those responsible for religious functions. Continence is regarded as conducive to physical strength, occult power and the favor of the gods. Western civilization, in spite of its high ideals, represents a decline rather than an advance in the enforcement of abstention. The European has added, quoting Westermarck, "the vice of hypocrisy which apparently was little known in sexual matters by pagan antiquity."

The volumes by Malinowski present what may be re-

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garded as the most important single contribution in the field of primitive sexology. This is due to the fact that they are based upon a comprehensive and detailed study of a single group, the natives of the Trobriand Islands of British New Guinea. Modern ethnology no longer contents itself with massing customs and beliefs of heterogeneous settings, as ground for its conclusions. The best that can be attained by that method is an idea of trends, for there is no uniformity. The modern student prefers to study a usage or belief in its concrete setting, knowing that he is more likely to find its explanation in the part it plays in an organized way of living than in some vague universal that attempts to cover a variety of types. Customs and practices in the field of sex form one tissue with the organization of domestic life, the rules and obligations of kinship, the conceptions of magic, and the economic basis of the community's existence. Treated in this way, sex loses the singularity which even in science has attached to its students the odium of a morbid interest. For this, Malinowski's work is an excellent corrective. The field of the relationships of the sexes is treated with the same unembarrassed straightforward scientific candor that would be found in the study of a community's agriculture. The sexual life of the Trobrianders is shaped, as to privileges and restraints, by the complex of regulations associated with matrilineal clanship. These regulations define the status and functions of women, marriage, birth, and burial customs, the type and range of the chief's authority, the relationships of the young to members of the mother's and the father's family. Trobriand society, while matrilineal, is patrilocal, that is to say, the wife goes to live with the husband in his own village, that belonging to his maternal relatives. The children are thus outsiders who usually at maturity go to reside at their own, that is, their mother's village. The children grow up together and largely without guidance until old enough to come under tribal regulations. The one exception is of course the absolute taboo laid from the earliest years upon the brother and sister relationship. The father's place is incidental; he is the husband of the child's mother. During the earlier years, the father-child relationship is close and affectionate; but later the position of control is assumed by the maternal uncle.

There are thus, apart from brothers and sisters, no kinship restraints upon the young who grow up together, almost forming a community of their own. From the earliest years, there is the utmost sexual license, and there is no premium upon prenuptial chastity. Boys and girls gradually focus the relationship until in the end it results in marriage, which of course institutes the regular domestic regime. The choice of mates is in this way based upon preference and affection.

As is to be expected, the emotions connected with love are attributed to magic. The successful suitor has good or strong magic. There is an elaborate ritual that makes use of phrases and materials, such as sweet-scented oil, to evoke a responsive emotion in the maiden. The excitants of tumescence are the most direct, as sight, odor and touch.

One of the interesting results of this detailed study of a single group, is the fact that in primitive tribal life there are compromises with, and violations of, customs—pretty much as with the civilized. These are not so easily discovered by the investigator, as they are considered discreditable to the community, and are kept hidden. The taboos grade from absolute horror to mild disapproval. Marriage within the clan, but outside the family, is infrequent but tolerated. It is also interesting that the esthetic regulations correspond closely with our own. These are such as fastidious cleanliness, modesty in dress, even though scanty, and decorum in sexual matters. Perversions are almost unknown, and excite universal disgust. The exception to this is a certain sadism in caress such as scratching and biting, practiced by the women upon the men.

The study presents an excellent example of the high degree of regulation by which a so-called savage community maintains its orderliness. It makes comprehensible the deadly result of interference from outside, in the attempt to force upon primitives a type of control suitable to our society, but which they are quite unable to understand. Such control remains mechanical and can never become moral.

J. W. SLAUGHTER.

Time's Profile

Time's Profile, by Hildegarde Flanner. New York: The Macmillan Company. 156 pages. $2.

MISS FLANNER'S early collections of poems, "The Morning" and "Young Girl," were expressions of an immaturity self-delighted. Their quality was slight, but fresh; the poems had the ecstatic, broken tone so usual in young work, as though the voice were pleasantly astonished at its precocious power of speech. "Time's Profile," her new book of poems, is planned more ambitiously. Emotion has, to some degree, been dissociated from the center of young self, and speculation concerning time, space and a vanishing personal deity has been substituted for nebulous adolescent mysticism. These shifts, inevitable in the story of a growing personality, should, in the artist, be accompanied by a corresponding development of style, and a more rigorous sense of form. "Time's Profile" shows Miss Flanner's maturity as a craftsman to be far from complete.

Full technical ripeness is very rare in those poets who, like Miss Flanner, work in the medium of emotional imagism. Flights of images, like flights of ideas, give the impression of being rather excitedly brought off. On close inspection, many poems in this book resolve into a collection of phrases, unwelded into a truly serviceable poetic form. Because the great majority of the poems are not reasoned through logically, with that emotional logic so difficult to analyze, but so striking when successfully maintained, or technically, with the searching technique that gives to poetry a bright and enduring virtue, they make but a slight initial impact, and carry over no reverberations. This lack of timbre is most noticeable in the pieces concerned with ambitious abstractions. The symbols vary too lightly, sometimes within a single line, and the style is thus wasted, and forbidden that pitch of severity capable of carrying the concept. Imagism, the poetic method that above all others demands the concrete, cannot be thus applied. Also, it cannot be combined with the windy measures Miss Flanner has chosen. Even that magnificent protagonist, Time, does not need, in poetry, all space to range through. The grandiose arena of Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven" can be rivaled in terror and intensity by the four walls of Baudelaire's "L'Horloge."

Were there fewer poems in the book, Miss Flanner's conspicuous successes would be more apparent. The lyrics, "A Wreath for Ashes," four sonnets in the sequence, "Sonnets in the Quaker Language," the lovely poem, "Dictionary," are successful indeed, and in many poems, single phrases have the stamp of a delicate yet vigorous talent.

LOUISE BOGAN.

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Lenin—Engineer of Revolution

The Revolution of 1917, by V. I. Lenin. New York: International Publishers. 2 vols. 809 pages. $8.

THE English edition of the Collected Works of Lenin, in preparation by the International Publishers and authorized by the Lenin Institute of Moscow, will constitute an invaluable body of source material for the study of the Russian Revolution. The present books, which together will make up Volume XX of the complete set, cover the period from the March Revolution to the July Days. One finds here little which sheds light on Lenin's intimate personal life, but the story of his public activities, told through his own speeches and articles, moves like a great drama, full of fire and fury. The material has been ably translated by Joshua Kunitz and Moissaye J. Olgin and intelligently edited by Alexander Trachtenberg. Except for the absence of an index, the volumes leave little to be desired. Their usefulness and attractiveness are enhanced by facsimiles of Lenin's writing, explanatory notes, a bibliography, an appendix of supplementary documents and helpful biographical and chronological data.

The action opens with Lenin writing from Zürich on March 16 and 17, 1917, to Comrade Kollontai. He and his fellow exiles have just received word of the fall of the tsardom. The leader of the Bolshevik wing of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party has no doubts concerning his plan of action: "Our immediate task is to widen the scope of our work, to organize the masses . . . to prepare for the seizure of power by the *Soviets of Workers's Deputies*. Only this can give bread, *peace* and freedom." His course, set forth in his "Letters from Afar," is clear from the outset: uncompromising opposition to the bourgeois parties and to the Narodniks (Socialist-Revolutionaries) and Mensheviks who would collaborate with the enemies of the proletariat and carry on the imperialist war in the interest of capital; clear recognition of the dual and anomalous character of the new regime, with power nominally in the hands of the "Provisional Government" and actually in the hands of the spontaneously created organs of the masses—the soviets of workers, peasants and soldiers; incessant agitation and organization to prepare the masses for the assumption of power; peace and preparation for Socialism by proletarian dictatorship, first in Russia and then in all the belligerent countries; as a means thereto—"All Power to the Soviets!"

Next Lenin and a group of his colleagues are crossing Germany. When the French and British authorities make impossible a return to Russia by any other route, an agreement with the German government is reached, through the agency of Fritz Platten, secretary of the Swiss Socialist Party, and approved by a committee of international Socialists, by which the emigrants are granted transit facilities and agree to work for the return of a corresponding number of Austro-Germans interned in Russia. The committee declares itself fully aware that "the German government allows the passage of the Russian Internationalists only in order thus to strengthen the anti-war movement in Russia," but "the Internationalists of all countries have a right and a duty to utilize this gamble by the imperialist governments in the interests of the proletariat." Back in Petrograd Lenin rushes into the work of assailing and exposing the provisional government and organizing his party for its historic task. At the May party conference, he pushes through his readaptation of the party program. "We have to talk to millions. . . . The proletariat will find in our resolutions material to guide it in its movement toward the second stage of our revolution."

His pen, dipped in bitter acids of irony and invective, lacerates the clumsily muddling Lvoff cabinet. With relentless logic he presents the Communist program to the masses in his speeches and articles in *Pravda*. Its clarity and simplicity give the party an ever wider support, while the Narodniks and Mensheviks wrangle confusedly. At the First All-Russian Congress of Soviets (June 17-July 6) he addresses a body still overwhelmingly dominated by hostile groups: "It is one thing or the other: either we have an ordinary bourgeois government—then there is no need for peasants', workers', soldiers' or any kind of Soviets . . . or we have a real government of the Soviets." The deputies are perplexed, as yet unable to accept either horn of the dilemma. They condemn and forbid the street demonstration planned by the Bolsheviks for June 23. They plan one of their own for July 1. Lenin continues his tirades in the press, and the demonstration reveals wide acceptance by the masses of the Bolshevik slogans. The story ends in an atmosphere of extreme tension, following the collapse of the offensive at the front. Tomorrow will come the rioting of the July days. The Cossacks of Kerensky will shoot down the workers and the Kronstadt sailors. Lenin will go into hiding. Kerensky will ride into the abyss. Ten weeks later the exile from Zürich will become ruler of Russia. But for Lenin's story of the October Revolution one must await the next volume of the Collected Works.

Lenin's theory of the State is considerably clarified by the present volumes. Apparent contradictions are resolved by an understanding of his view of the stages of development of the Socialist Revolution. The State is an instrument of class domination. With the eventual abolition of the domination and exploitation of class by class under Communism, it will become unnecessary, at least in its traditional form. But the use of State power is needed by the proletariat in wresting control from the bourgeoisie. "Marxism differs from Anarchism in that it admits the necessity of the state and state power in a revolutionary period in general, and in the epoch of transition from capitalism to Socialism in particular. Marxism differs from the petty-bourgeois, opportunist 'Social-Democracy' of Plekhanov-Kautsky and Co. in that it admits the necessity for the above-mentioned periods of a state not like the usual parliamentary bourgeois republic, but like the Paris Commune." This State will smash the old machinery of repression—army, police and bureaucracy—and rest upon the armed and organized working masses.

Should the Soviets seize power, "they would constitute a state not in the ordinary sense of that word. . . . Such power is a dictatorship, *i. e.*, it rests not on the law, not on the formal will of the majority, but on direct and open force." But since the workers and peasants constitute the majority of the population, the class dictatorship will in reality be a democracy, making politically possible the economic achievement of Socialism. The conception of the proletarian dictatorship as the monopolization of power by the Communist party, with the re-creation of the machinery of repression, does not, of course, appear in these writings. It was a product of the foreign intervention, counter-revolutionary terrorism and civil war of 1918, which created a new situation with new needs.

It is precisely in his phenomenal ability to grasp the necessities of a rapidly changing scene and to readjust his

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program to meet them that is to be found the secret of Lenin's genius. He accepts unreservedly all the familiar Marxian premises. He interprets all he observes in terms of the class struggle. How, one may well ask, could such a rigid application of *a priori* principles lead to success and power? How explain the "miracle" of the October Revolution? The explanation is to be found in the fact that Lenin's principles were not mere dogmas, copied from Marx and uncritically applied like mathematical formulae, but were extraordinarily skillful and intelligent adaptations of Marxism to Russian problems. "'Our doctrine is not a dogma, but a guide to action,' said Marx and Engels, who always scorned the mere acquisition and repetition of 'formulae,' capable at best only of outlining *general* tasks, which are necessarily changed by the concrete economic and political circumstances of each particular period in the historical process."

Lenin's acute analysis of each phase of the revolutionary situation enabled him to know whereof he spoke and wherefore he acted as did no other political leader in the Russia of 1917. "The chief mistake which revolutionists make is that they look back to the revolutions of the past. Life presents a great deal which is new and which must be included in the general sequence of events." "The art of government cannot be gotten out of books. Try, make mistakes, learn how to govern." Here speaks no impetuous fanatic, no blinded dogmatist, but a calculating analyst of political behavior, cold, objective, Machiavellian in his surveys and blue-prints, despite his deep, warm sympathy with the workers' cause. By the pragmatic test of results —the only possible test of a technique in the art of politics —his formulae worked. They worked because they were based on a consistent social theory, which he had the prudence to use not as an infallible prescription but as a general guide to ultimate ends. The means thereto he had the wisdom to devise, realistically, by observing, dissecting, understanding each concrete situation as it presented itself. Thus he caught the imagination of his people and led his party to victory. The same qualities enabled him to lay the foundations of the new social order in the face of enormous difficulties and the uncomprehending hatred of a hostile world. Here, assuredly, are the tests of statesmanship. And herein lies Lenin's title to immortality.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN.

Incestuous Mothers

The Unlit Lamp, by Radclyffe Hall. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

IT is an arguable proposition that the future historian will find the great place held by religion in the literature of the last century, taken in that of the present day, by sex. In view of the close relation which psychologists have discovered between the two, this development is hardly surprising, but the parallelism between the literary phenomena belonging to both manifestations is none the less striking. Both religion and sex are subject to scientific explanation, but both retain an element of mystery akin to magic. Both lend themselves to sensational exploitation for popular excitement. The flood of sex fiction in 1929 is the successor of the flood of "Sunday-school stories" of a generation ago, and the jazz songs of today have replaced the Gospel Hymns of yesterday. In the place of such semi-popular treatises as Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," we find on the intellectual table "Sex and Society," or "Sex and Civilization." Above all, both religion and sex are stimulating forces in human emotion and motivating forces in human action, and thus are natural elements in the material with which the imagination works. Both have their systems, their creeds, their dogmas, their rituals and their casuistries, by which both have been molded into traditional forms, disillusion with which, on the part of sensitive souls, gives rise to cases of conscience and spiritual tragedies. Such religious themes were treated for the Victorians by Mrs. Humphry Ward in "Robert Elsmere" and "David Grieve"—and brilliantly satirized for the Georgians by Miss Rose Macaulay in "Told by an Idiot." In the case of sex we have the equivalent of this serious fiction in Miss Radclyffe Hall's novels. Miss Hall is the Mrs. Humphry Ward of sex .

Of course, the sexual motive was not absent in Victorian fiction. Frequently it appeared in conflict with the religious motive, as in George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss" or Mrs. Ward's "Helbeck of Bannisdale," when it constituted a problem which was usually solved by the renunciation of profane love. In any case, sex had an ideal in monogamy (toward which the hero or heroine struggled against the devil-inspired instincts of polygamy and polyandry) similar to the religious ideal of monotheism. "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me" found its parallel in "Thou shalt have no other woman (or man) before me." The problem was to find the true God and the right mate. Both commandments were in harmony with the intellectual effort of the century toward unity in a universe. The abandonment of this attempt on the part of philosophy and science finds its counterpart in the present day in the questioning of the sexual norm as the principle of unity in society. The pragmatists are accustoming us to live in a pluriverse, which to an Hegelian is but a name for intellectual promiscuity, and they celebrate, as the guide of life, experience, which finds its ultimate test in equipment for more experience. Polygamy and polyandry are as commonplace to the novelist of today as idolatry was to the Philistines and Moabites.

But Miss Hall introduces to serious consideration new ramifications of the sexual motive which open the way to new varieties of fiction. In the place of the organic absolutes, male and female, she recognizes the principle of relativity. An individual may be male in respect to this person and female to that, a fact which complicates enormously the problem of selection. In place of the triangle of man, woman, and intruder, she suggests a polygon of innumerable facets, a condition as appalling to the reader of fiction as the introduction of non-Euclidean geometry into his comfortable tridimensional world. If the human race showed only six well-defined sexes, like the strawberry, the complications would outrun the tether of the ordinary novelist, and demand an epic poet like Erasmus Darwin, to write something on the scale of his "Loves of the Plants." But the possibilities of transmutation in the field of sexual relativity far outrun this feeble effort of the imagination to deal with them.

Miss Hall resembles in seriousness the nineteenth century novelists whom she transcends. Her novel of last year, "The Well of Loneliness," was a beautifully written piece of propaganda for the right of a woman to love one of her own sex, for social tolerance of the sexual invert, as earnest it would seem as the pleas of Charles Kingsley for the working-class, and far more beautifully written than "Alton Locke." "The Unlit Lamp" is an earlier work and treats of the same theme more guardedly. In the latter the conflict of the heroine is circumscribed; she is the victim not of society, but of her family. The book might be read as a

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rather powerful rendering of a motive which was becoming prominent in fiction at the close of the last century, that of the conflict of generations, of which Turgeniev gave the classic example in "Fathers and Sons." But in the case of Jean Ogden as in that of Mary Olivier and of the hero in "Sons and Lovers," there is a definite sexual element in the struggle. Jean is male toward her friend Elizabeth and toward her mother; both are in love with her, and mother, with the support of traditional loyalties and social inhibitions, wins. It is a real tragedy in that Jean, the victim of this abominable incest, is a real person and a beautiful one, but there is nothing of true reality and beauty in her yielding to the convention of maternal affection and the authority of the dead hand. This shifting of values, literary and vital, shows how far we have moved from the nineteenth century and its ideal of renunciation. The book should be issued in a special edition for Mother's Day, to be sent by young Euphues as a "cooling card for all fond mothers"—instead of trying to say it to them with flowers, or teaching them to reach for a sweet intsead of a fag.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Notes on Novels

Overshadowed, by Eugene Löhrke. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

THIS short novel intends to portray the disintegration of a sensitive, Shelley-loving young man while serving with the artillery in France. Young Darrow has never met the world except through the eyes of his mother. He lives to embody her ideals and to carry out her doting aspirations. The process by which we watch the artillery life driving him insane would gain in interest if the young man were a little more worthy of consideration. He is one of those who would probably break down eventually, even in a garden. He comes nearest finding his level in the army among the pederasts, although it is doubtful whether he realizes at first the physical peculiarities of his friends. Except for the opening chapters, devoted to a sugary account of the unreal life of Darrow and his mother, the writing is superior to the story. C. A. C.

The Eater of Darkness, by Robert M. Coates. New York: The Macaulay Company. $2.50.

ADVERTISED as the first purely Dada novel to be published in English, "The Eater of Darkness" is a melodramatic extravaganza of the most nonsensical sort. The apologue and the epilogue, which alone ask to be taken somewhat seriously, suggest vaguely that the sinister comedy which they frame is either an hallucination of or a fantasy by a young American who has left a girl in Paris desolated by his abrupt departure, and who is about to rejoice her by his return. The writing here and in a few other passages reminds one of a more lucid Gertrude Stein. Indeed, the book is dedicated to her, among others, including the author's parents, Nick Carter, The New York Times, Robert McAlmon, ex-Mayor Hylan and other ill-assorted persons and institutions. The character of the dedicatees indicates as well as anything could the absurdity of the tale, which satirizes a number of them. Those readers who recall Isidor Schneider's "Dr. Transit" and can imagine the atmosphere of that strange book enveloping a dime novel, concocted by a young man who wears his tongue in his cheek, will have some notion of what the first Dada novel in English is like. But although it has moments of being very funny and moments of being quite exciting, it has also not a few moments of being simply tedious, and one wonders, with some impatience, what this clever young man would achieve if he were to take his tongue out of his cheek. B. D.

Passage to the Sky, by Howard Coxe. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

MR. COXE'S novel is notable for the precision with which he draws his unlovely characters, and for the sympathy which he evokes for people who would bore one frightfully if encountered in the flesh. He is dealing with maladjusted ladies and gentlemen who have fled from an America that they find impossible to a Florence that affords a warm background for their dismal dramas. Indeed, it is just the tinge of romance in the Florentine scene that gives an edge to the story of the bleak lives that it environs. The book has the slightly disagreeable flavor that, like the bitters in a cocktail are, oddly enough, an intrinsic part of its excellence. The novelist has not merely managed his narrative so well that one is in a constant state of suspense, but he has made his people real and pitiable, for all their unpleasantness. One neither wants nor expects to meet them again, but one is on the *qui vive* to encounter whatever men and women Mr. Coxe may choose to concern himself with in his next novel. B. D.

Beauty? I Wonder, by Dorothy Coursen. New York: Elliot Holt. $2.

AFTER reading this second novel by Dorothy Coursen, one feels that the devotees of fine writing have lost another round in the ancient battle of style versus substance. "Beauty? I Wonder" is fragile and fine-spun, and is, in its meagre way, distinguished. Its author has a scrupulous sense of the color and quality of words. Meticulously, and with a kind of limpid purity, she describes the adolescence of Jacob and Emily, whose lives eventually meet and blend. Her emphasis is almost wholly on spiritual experience, and she evokes the atmosphere of the last century by delicate indirection. Despite her gifts as a stylist, however, Miss Coursen is completely lacking in humor, warmth and vitality. Surfeited by so much arid elegance, one is tempted to pick up the nearest tale of Chicago gunmen and to inquire coarsely, "What price style?"

E. H. W.

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